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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

CHRISTMAS ON THE BAHAMA BANKS.

Extract from a clergyman's journal of a voyage from Boston to New Orleans,—thence to Alexandria on Red River,—thence in the spring up the Mississippi, through Ohio, down Lake Erie by Niagara Falls, &c. home.

Evening before Christmas.—The day has been delightful,—a steady breeze, and the weather like that of our finest June days in New England. We are less than seventy miles from Cuba, and the thermometer indicates the temperature of Cuba, 80° Fahr. in the cabin. Approaching so near the latitude of the tropics, we have a tropical sky over our heads, and an atmosphere peculiarly bland and grateful to the feelings, superinducing that delicious languor, which we experience during our first warm summer days at the north. The groups of lucid white clouds, that hover over and around us, look down with their 'bright angel faces,' as though they were 'intelligent and capable of speech.' They move in quiet, orderly procession, and it would seem as if they were enjoying an evening sail, in the pure, etherial ocean, that is suspended over us. They have the appearance of being much nearer or lower than I remember to have seen clouds over the land; and they look sometimes as if they were bending down to rest upon our mast head. Their silvery, clear, soft and *cottony* foldings might well be mistaken for the drapery, or the wings of celestial messengers, sent to tranquilize the atmosphere of the ocean, which the demons of the stormy wind and tempest, but the night previous had wrought into furious rage and commotion.—The sunset is gorgeous and beautiful, far surpassing any thing of the kind we have at the north. There is a purer azure, a brighter orange hue, a richer crimson and purple in the reflected splendors of the sun's descent than I have yet seen. I never realized so perfectly, Thomson's description of a summer sunset in his seasons.

—'The shifting clouds
Assembled gay, a richly gorgeous train
In all their pomp attend his setting throne.
* * * * * And now,
As it his weary chariot sought the bowers
Of Amphitrite, and her tending nymphs,
(So Grecian fable sung), he dips his orb,
Now half immerged, and now a golden curve,
Gives one bright gleam then totally disappears.'

All of a sudden the land clouds, that stretch far to the west in parallel layers, are converted into burnished gold. Above them, that light gray ground work, which we call a mackerel sky, has assumed all imaginable colors, more beautiful than the finest Brussels or Venetian carpeting, that ever tempted fashionable young housekeepers to extravagance in Broadway, or a Parisian Bazaar. We have no such twilights in our region; and I have made a poor attempt at describing what is indeed indescribable. The morn and evening star, which have succeeded to the light of day, have that peculiarly crystal like, liquid brightness, which I have sometimes, but rarely seen on a June evening in our northern heavens.

Christmas day, 1836. Morning came as beautiful and mild as was yesterday evening. A fine fresh wind through the first watch, soon moderated into a gentle breeze, which makes the sea smooth and breathes over all a spirit of tranquillity, as if the winds and the waves were glad to partake of the repose of the sabbath. Since midnight, the sky, the sea and the atmosphere have been in harmony with the *peace and good will to men*, which was the burden of the angelic song, that announced to the shepherds of Bethlehem the birth of the Savior. The serenity and brightness of the firmament, and the silence, that brooded over the deep, broken only by the scarcely audible ripple, produced by the motion of the ship, brought to my recollection what the divinest of English bards has divinely sung.

'No war or battle sound
Was heard the world around;
No hostile chiefs to furious combat run;
But peaceful was the night,
In which the prince of light
His reign of peace upon the earth begun.'
And music sweet and clear
Flow'd on the listening ear,
Such as of old the sons of morning sung.
'The gentle cherubim
And shining seraphim
Welcomed their Prince with rapture on their tongue.'

Nothing in the whole compass of English lyrics is finer than some of the stanzas of this 'Hymn upon the nativity,' one of the juvenile productions of the author, of which Dr Johnson has remarked, that we may discern in it an earnest of the genius, that was afterwards to produce the Paradise Lost.

But to return to my Christmas sabbath. An appropriate phenomenon, of extraordinary perfection and beauty attracts our attention between 8 and 9 o'clock in the morning. One of our 'angel clouds' passed over us towards the west, letting fall upon us a refreshing shower. As it left us, the sun shone bright in the east, and soon a perfect rainbow of unusual brilliance was formed to the west of us, first single, but very soon double; and, what can never be seen on land, perfectly reflected in the water, so as to form two complete connective circles, interrupted only by the ships breadth, which was sailing towards the centre of these circles, and continued its course for a long time in the midst of these double bows, those in the sky perfectly reflected in the transparent sea below, with all the prismatic colors, more distinctly marked than I remember ever to have seen them elsewhere. A ship sailing upon a smooth sea, encircled above and below by these splendid duplicate bows of promise and hope—to say nothing of the extraordinary beauty of the picture—seemed to me an auspicious omen, which presaged a prosperous issue to our voyage; and in my mind, was naturally connected with the hallowed remembrances and associations of the day. The phenomenon lasted the better part of an hour. The impression with me will last as long as the mysterious power of memory shall constitute a part of my mysterious conscious being. It carried me back in imagination to the deluge and the bow of promise to Noah, and the greater promises to the patriarchs—to Israel, and their accomplishment in the advent of the Messiah,—*the exceedingly great and precious promises of the new covenant*,—and that which crowns and consummates the whole, *the promise, which God has promised us by his Son, even eternal life.* This train of thought brought my mind into a fit frame to improve and enjoy the day. I went by myself, and, leaning over the bulwarks of the vessel, I offered my thanksgivings and prayers in a temple, whose magnificence makes all human edifices mean and contemptible,—whose vaulted roof was the boundless blue of the firmament over my head, resting for its base upon the expanse of the illimitable ocean below,—upon which I was borne by an almost imperceptible motion in a frail bark, that has traversed, as I am informed, most of the seas of the globe, having made the circuit of it twice under the same officers without accident. I recognised in this that universal Providence, who never forsakes his faithful servants, being everpresent to protect and guide them to their desired haven. I never felt more devout, or offered up more fervent devotions. I then sung verses of such hymns as I remembered, appropriate to the day and to my situation. These among others,

'All-glorious Lord of heaven and earth,
When angels sung a Savior's birth,
Glory to thee, the song began,
It closed with peace and love to man.

Glory to thee I give this day,
That earthly heralds still convey
What angels sung from their bright spheres
Good news to our delighted ears.' &c.

'In costly fane, the pride of art,
Or bow'd in lowliest cell,
Lord, in the pure, and grateful heart,
Thou dost delight to dwell.

Thy servants find thee everywhere,
Alone, by night, or day:
The world is all a house of prayer
To souls, that love to pray.' &c.

Thus much of the spiritual celebration of Christmas by myself. We have had also a Christmas dinner in honor of the day. A fine pair of roasted fowls, victims of the steward's first murderous assault upon our hencoop,—were brought upon the table, and one of the best plum puddings I ever tasted, which the Capt. had brought from home, of his charming wife's own cooking. We drank her health with hearty good will, though it was not with wine; for since I have been sea-sick I cannot endure the taste of wine; and the ship's water, with vinegar and loaf-sugar enough to make it palatable, has been my principal beverage,—the only liquid luxury, bating the sugar, of Cato the elder. Our repast ended, and having drank the world's health in the angelic toast of 'peace on earth and good will to men,' I retired with my Bible and 'the Pilgrim's Progress,' of Bunyan, to a quiet place upon deck under the ship's sail, for shade, the heat of the sun being oppressive; and there communed with patriarchs and prophets, evangelists and apostles, and at last rested with the pilgrim in the pleasant 'land of Beulah.' I dwelt long upon the simple and beautiful description of that land, where the pilgrim is refreshed with so sweet and soothing a foretaste of the rest, that remaineth for the people of God. And for the time I seemed to respire the bland air and drink in the spirit of amenity and repose, that diffused a celestial charm over all the objects and prospects of that quiet halting place of the mature christian, before crossing 'Jordan's old stream' to join the community of the blessed in 'a better country, even an heavenly.'

Evening came on, accompanied with the same charming weather, and swelling our sails with the same gentle, propitious breeze, which had made the day so delightful. And after an hour's walk upon deck by moonlight, and an hour's reading in the cabin, of Milton's Paradise Lost—having noted these memoranda in my journal,—now retire to my berth, as much edified and refreshed in spirit by my celebration of this Christmas sabbath,

'Alone, alone upon the dark blue sea,'

as any metropolitan, or beneficed priest, perhaps, in my venerated 'father land,' who has commemorated the day in a splendid cathedral, in all the pomp and circumstance of a costly national establishment, with the luxurious festivities and Christmas gambols, that follow.

F.

HIGH LIVING AND MEAN THINKING.

How much nicer people are in their persons than in their minds. How anxious are they to wear the appearance of wealth and taste in the things of outward show, while their intellects are poverty and meanness. See one of the apes of fashion, with his coxcombries and ostentation of luxury. His clothes must be made by the best tailor, his horse must be of the best blood, his wines of the finest flavor, his cookery of the highest zest; but his reading of the poorest frivolities, or of the lowest and most dispicable vulgarity. In the enjoyment of the animal sense he is an epicure; but a pig is a clean feeder, compared with his mind, and a pig would eat good and bad, sweet and foul alike, but his mind has no discrimination, and a great appetite; the mind which we describe has not the apology of voracity; it is satisfied with but little, but that must be of the worst sort, and every thing of a better quality is rejected by it with disgust.

If we could see men's minds as we see their bodies, what a spectacle of nakedness, destitution, deformities and disease it would be! What hideous dwarfs and cripples! What dirty and revolting craving, and all these in connexion with the most exquisite care and pampering of the body. If many a conceited coxcomb could see his own mind, he could see a thing the meanest object that the world can present. It is not with beggary in its most degraded state, that it is to be compared, for the beggar has wants, is dissatisfied with his state, has wishes for enjoyments above his lot, but the pauper of intellect is content with his poverty; it is his choice to feed on carrion, he can relish nothing else, he has no desire beyond his filthy fare. Yet he flatters himself that he is a superior being, he takes to himself the merit of his tailor, his wine merchant, his coachmaker, his upholsterer and his cook: but if the thing were turned inside out, if that concealed nasty corner, his mind, were exposed to view, how degrading would be the exhibition!

—*Tait's Edinburg Magizine.*

MIRACLE OF THE HOLY FIRE.

[Extract of a letter from the Rev. Mr Homes, Missionary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and published in the Missionary Herald for February.]

I was happily enabled to escape from quarantine just in season to arrive at Jerusalem to see the so called *holy fire* which for so many years, it has been pretended on the part of the oriental Christians, issues miraculously from the tomb where Christ was buried on the Saturday of Easter week. A full description has already been published in the Herald; in the journals of Mr Thompson, June and August, 1834, with the exception of a notice of the extravagancies connected with the performance of this lying wonder. But as it is the renown of this holy fire that forms one of the central attractions to pilgrimage; as it is by this, above all, that the monks sustain their influence to mislead the people, it is deserving of particular notice. All the Christian sects take part in the ceremonies antecedent and succedent, with the exception of the Roman Catholics, whose chronology varies from that of the east, and who have no pilgrims from whom to gain contributions.

The place where the Lord lay is claimed to be under one of the domes of the church, each dome bearing some resemblance to the rotunda of the capitol. A small edifice in the centre of the dome serves as the monument. It is upon the top of the modern marble sarcophagus, within the small house that the fire appears. The fire is passed out to the people through a small opening in the wall, from the hands of the archbishop. Friday night, thousands of Christians, men, women, and children, continued in the church, locked in by the Turkish guard, and awaited the morning dawn.—As soon as the one sole door of the church was again opened, other thousands rushed in, and immediately every gallery, balcony, niche, window and hole and standing place, was filled with anxious and various worshippers. Row after row, in all directions, was arranged high up the lofty dome, from which the crowd above gazed down upon the pressing, waving, buzzing crowd beneath. Although the fire does not make its appearance till three o'clock, yet the nine hours preceding were not unemployed. They were occupied by disorders, riots, and orgies, that would have astonished us among a tribe of savages, or in a temple of India. I looked down upon the scene from under the arches of the columns that appertain to the Latins. I saw an overwhelming crowd pressing one upon the other, clapping their hands, and shouting, each one in his own tongue, mingled oaths and hallelujahs, that echoed with deafening clamor throughout the vaulted roofs. With the aid of cowhide whips, a passage of about three feet wide was kept open through the people that encircled the sepulchre. It was for the sake of the actors, men of the people, who were continually passing around, walking, trotting, galloping, clapping their hands, singing with fearful shrieks, distorting their faces, abounding in antic gestures, leaping one upon the other, and anon all falling down in a confused heap. Sometimes the scene was varied by them who were carried about standing upon other men's shoulders, four sometimes joining face to face, to support four others who formed a column on their shoulders. All are contiually being met by the violent crowd, who jam, push, and eventually prostrate a large mass suddenly upon the marble pavement. The gazers on accompany these wild troops of runners, with cheers; and a peculiar Arab whoop. The excess of the crowd at times prevents these processions. Counter troops and counter crowds strive to usurp each other's places. They deal about blows most unmercifully among their comrade pilgrims. Many are pressed down to the ground, and you begin to fear, what is not a rare occurrence, that some will lose their lives.—But immediately rushes up a score of Turks, armed with heavy whips and knotted clubs, who contend for some time unsuccessfully, in beating the poor Christians upon their heads and shoulders, and they mutually push, rage, shriek, and swear, until at last they succeed in drawing off some of the more malignant offenders. The pilgrims, to still the tumult, commence again their noisy chorus, and the sports of the ring are renewed. And the same thing happened, not once, but many times during the day. By reason of the crowd, many have stripped off their outer garments, and are to be seen, bare-armed and bare-legged for freer action.

I should not be so minute in these shocking details, were it not that the scenes occurred in a Christian church—the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, on Mount Calvary, and owned by the principal sects of christendom, except the protestants.

Up to this moment, the priests have had no part in this mockery of honor shown to Christ. But as the moment of the miracle draws near, a procession of the highest dignitaries of the churches, advances from the magnificent Greek chapel, and clad in dark robes, as emblematical of humility, mourning, and supplication, march around the sepulchre, accompanied by banners adorned with pictures of the virgin and the more notable saints. The round completed, all escape, with difficulty, from the crowd, except the bishop, grey-haired and tottering with age, who is bustled from the crowds by the Turks into the sepulchre, with an assistant to aid at the miracle, and the door is shut upon them. It is represented by the people that the bishop enters for prayers, and to collect the fire to hand to the people. None others would be noble or holy enough to enter, and none would suspect the Bishop of collusion. Soon after his entrance, the white stone that covers the cave becomes covered with luminous points of fire, which with a piece of cotton, are collected together in a heap, and placed in a vessel, from whence candles are lighted. When there have been disagreements between the sects, and the Armenians refused to join, the fire has been two hours in coming; this day, however, it appeared in five minutes after the entry of the bishop. Till the fire appeared, the people renewed their loud and fearful exclamations, as if demanding the boon. Sometimes their excitement seemed agonizing, as though they could tear open the sepulchre. Not the Neapolitans themselves could be more vociferous in demanding, with curses, the liquefaction of the blood of Januarius, than were these superstitious Christians. The thousands, with uplifted hands, holding each a bunch of small candles in their hands, with their eyes intently fixed on the opening, were soon relieved by seeing the first bunch of sacred illuminated candles drawn out. Then again did the domes re-echo with the cheers of the men, and the shrill whirr of the women in the praise of the gift. With impetuosity, they presented their candles to receive the first possible heat and light from the holy fire. The devout, who had first lighted their candles, officiously ran to the remotest galleries and lodges to offer to the less favored. Others let down their candles by cords, from one hundred feet above, to have them lighted. An express courier immediately started off for Bethlehem, to carry the sacred fire to the church of the nativity. But a very few minutes had elapsed, before the church, in every corner, high or low, near or remote, was filled with ten thousand candles in the hands of the people, or the lamps hanging around. The uproar still continued; all were occupied with invocations, bowings, and crossings. Every part of the body from head to foot, with every article of raiment that they had brought with them, must be exposed to the action of the flames. Men, and especially the woman, most shamefully exposed themselves, that they might the more effectually receive the flame, and be thereby preserved from evil during the coming year. The lighting of the candles was followed by the procession of thanksgiving. The archbishops of five sects, Greek, Armenian, Copt, Abysinian, and Nestorian, in light colored robes of gold and silver, with banners, crosses, mitres, and censers, four times surrounded the sepulchre with songs of praise. From the comparative order and richness of decoration, this latter was an imposing scene, but yet it was shocking to the feelings, to think that there were among those priests, men who know there has been no miracle, and yet pretend to gratitude and thankfulness.

In looking back upon the emotions excited upon that occasion, I am lost in wonder. It was with affright and trembling, with horror and disgust, with pity and compassion, that I gazed upon the ignorant, deluded multitude, who were shouting, fighting, and leaping as if infuriated, within the walls of that venerable church. That, in honor of which they were assembled, is such a glaring imposition upon credulity, that nothing in the history of false miracles can be compared to it. I could not join in the persecuting spirit of a catholic priest, who exclaimed to me, as we gazed, 'Why does God not send down fire from heaven and destroy these idolaters?' Yet I could not but say, 'Oh, Lord, how long, and when shall thy true glory and thy true worship be manifested to this people?' This riotous assembly is not gathered around a car of Juggernaut, nor around the Caaba of Mecca: but it is in a peculiarly solemn Christian temple; and by people called after the name of Christ, that these services are enacted. The Mussulman crowds around, and laughs us to scorn, and feasts his passions in regarding it as he would were it a comedy. When shall the lips of the priests of these people be indeed touched with the holy fire, and the hearts of these people burn with true holy zeal!

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

REASON IN RELIGION. No. 2.

But why, it may be asked with all seriousness, are we to submit to the authority of this; one of the highest faculties of the mind—in all the ordinary affairs of life, and yet abandon its guidance and aid when we come to the consideration of that subject, which claims an importance inferior to no other,—in which indeed all other interests are involved. One would suppose that in proportion to the magnitude of the subject should be the vigor, clearness and intense application of all those powers of intellect with which our Creator has endowed us. It is then treason to our natures, and treason to the God who formed them, to yield a blind, unreasoning assent to the authoriry and dictates of others in a matter of so great individual importance as our religious faith. If there is any subject which invites and *demands* the highest exercise of our reason, that subject is Religion. Indeed we cannot proceed a step in our religious inquiries without it. If we attempt it we plunge at once into difficulties inextricable,—we surround ourselves with mists, confusion, and absurdities.

'I affirm,' says Dr Channing, 'that revelation rests on the authority of reason, because to this faculty it submits the evidences of its truth, and nothing but the approving sentence of reason bids us to receive and obey it. I take the New Testament in hand, and on what grounds do I receive its truths as divine? I see nothing in its pages but the same letters in which other books are written. No miraculous voice from Heaven assures me that it is God's word, nor does any mysterious voice within my soul command me to believe the supernatural works of Christ. How then shall I settle the question of the origin of this religion? I must examine it by the same rational faculties by which other subjects are tried. I must ask what are its evidences, and I must lay them before reason, the only power by which evidence can be weighed. I have not a distinct faculty given me for judging revelation. I have not two understandings, one for inquiring into God's word, another into his works. As with the same bodily eye, I now look on the earth, now in the heavens, so with the same power of reason I examine now nature, now revelation.'

The force and justice of these remarks are so obvious that I do not see how any one can escape from them. Shall we, then, after having by the aid of reason established the claims of revelation upon our belief, suppose we can make ourselves acquainted with its truths, and its teachings without this aid? Is all that this revelation contains so perfectly plain, so very intelligible, that the true import, the whole extent of significations occurs to the mind at the first glance? While all which our salvation requires us to know is clear to the level of the humblest capacity, there is yet much in the writings of the New Testament which may task the powers of the highest.

Let us but just look at this Book, and see how we can proceed without the aid of reason, some parts of it are written in a highly figurative style. How are we to determine the import of such passages? Upon the principle which I have endeavored to combat, we must understand them literally: we can understand them in no other way: and then are there no absurdities so gross, no inconsistencies so glaring, that they cannot be matched in these records which we profess to believe came from the inspiration of God,—then is the doctrine of transubstantiation true, and it is impossible to escape it: the body and blood of Christ are actually eaten and drunken; then was Christ a vine, a door, a shepherd,—then his disciples sheep and branches all at one and the same time;—heaven is a local habitation, and hell a *bona fide* lake of fire.

This is but a glance at the absurdities into which we at once run if we adopt this principle of reading our Bible. Now is it possible that, that can be right and proper which makes such a book of the Bible;—which converts into a scene of perplexity a labyrinth, of absurdities, that which was designed to be to us a guide through the difficulties, a solace in the sorrows and a guard against the temptations of this world, and to place in our hands the means of everlasting happiness in the future? It cannot be, it is not so. And when we trace out its practical consequences, the abandonment of reason in matters of faith, we cannot avoid the conclusion, that they who contend for such a principle do not really see for what they strive. They do not and cannot practically adopt it: they do not and cannot believe in its soundness.

T.

Eastport, Me.

I have alluded to the subject of political proscription, in another connection. I recur to it again, not because I consider political office, in any respect, a desirable boon: far from it. I speak of it, because of the demoralizing effect which must be produced, in any community, where elections are so frequent, by holding up before men the motive of sordid self interest, in the place of the proper motive which should influence every patriotic citizen. The standard of public virtue is thus depressed, and a base subserviency to popular clamor is engendered, of which a free people would do well to be deeply ashamed.

And here, I would remark in passing, that I think we are in danger, in this country, of using the right of suffrage for purposes for which it never was intended. The people, in every free government, claim the right of choosing their own magistrates, but they claim that right for a specific purpose. They claim it because they wish to secure to themselves the power of choosing men who will make just and equitable laws, who will interpret these laws faithfully and impartially, and administer them without either fear, favor or affection. Every question which affects these interests of civil society, may fairly and honestly be brought to the ballot box. But I do not see that every question ought to be brought there. The ballot box can never be rightfully used to promote my own religious views, or to advance the interests of my favorite association. Yet, on almost every occasion in which masses of men are leagued together, for any purpose whatever, the cry is instantly raised, 'to the ballot box!' 'to the ballot box!' This surely is using a power which rightfully exists, for a purpose for which it was never conferred It seems to me that the purposes of civil society, would be better attained by using our civil rights always within their proper limits, and by promoting our own views, by such means as are unquestionably innocent; at least, by such means as will not put in jeopardy the very advantages which we derive from civil liberty itself.—*Wayland.*

Men by uniting in a church with their fellow disciples, promise merely to obey Christ; they submit to him and not to each other. They claim no right to enforce any laws but the laws of Christ; and to attempt to enforce any other, is to act in direct violation of the spirit of the association.

That which qualifies a man essentially for admission to the Christian church, is real discipleship to Christ; or a temper of heart to obey him in every thing that he has revealed; this makes him a member of the Holy Catholic church.—*Wayland.*

SOMETHING WORTHY OF NOTICE.

When I was in Berlin I went into the public prison, and visited every part of the establishment. At last I was introduced to a very large hall which was full of children, with their books and teachers, and having the appearance of a Prussian school room. 'What,' said I, 'is it possible that all these children are imprisoned here for crime?' 'O no,' said my conductor smiling at my simplicity, 'but if a parent is imprisoned for crime, and on that account his children are left destitute of the means of education and are liable to grow up in ignorance and crime, the government has them taken here, and maintained and educated for useful employment.' This was a new idea to me. I know not that it has ever been suggested in the United States; but surely it is the duty of Government, as well as its highest interest, when a man is paying the penalties of his crime in a public prison, to see that his inoffending children are not left to suffer and to inherit their father's vices.—Surely it would be better for the child, and *cheaper* as well as better for the State. Let it not be supposed that a man will go to prison for the sake of having his children taken care of, for those who to prison usually have little regard for their children; if they had, discipline like that of the Berlin prison would soon sicken them of such a bargain.—*Prof. Stowe's Report.*

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

The remarks of Mr *Huidekoper*, given in the last Register, and extracted from 'the Western Messenger,' on the unfavorable influence of the *trinitarian* dogma, on unbelievers, both in christian and pagan countries, appear to me highly worthy the consideration of that class of Christians, who adopt that tenet, and who insist on it, as fundamental and essential.

Skeptics and heathens consider the *doctrines*, of a religion, claiming to be divine; whether they are *rational;* or, at least, not inconsistent with, nor contrary to reason and philosophy—and they look at the *lives* of those who profess it, to see if they are made better by it. The latter consideration has great influence on the minds of sober and reflecting unbelievers of all classes. The other, referring to *doctrines*, must also operate powerfully on the minds of inquiring and thinking men. And such are many skeptics in christian countries; and such are many among the heathens.

These men examine and consider the leading doctrines of a new religion,—whether they are reasonable, or unreasonable: for every intelligent man will in this case exercise his reason, in judging of the doctrines taught and asserted.

A man governed by sound reason may admit or receive doctrines, which he cannot fully comprehend. But not such as are contrary and revolting to his reason and understanding. And there can be no doubt, with those acquainted with the ecclesiastical history of the Christian Church, in the third, fourth, fifth and sixth centuries, that the strange and the new doctrine of the Trinity, had a most unhappy effect upon the cause of Christianity. During the apostles' time, viz. for forty years after the death and resurrection of our Lord, and in the days of those who conversed with and had been instructed by the apostles, which carries us to near the middle of the second century; the gospel was received in most parts of the Roman Empire, or the civilized world. For then there was not only a strong conviction of the reality of miracles—since the children of those who had witnessed them, would believe in them on their parents' word—but the doctrines of the gospel, the new religion, were also rational and joyful. The doctrine of a resurrection, or immortality, and of the placability of God, were full of hope and joy to sinful, dying men—and there was nothing unreasonable in them, nor in the idea of an inspired or anointed messenger from God, to teach these doctrines. The doctrines taught were simple and plain, as well as rational and probable, and produced, as might be expected, on all who embraced them, great purity of morals, warm benevolence and ardent piety.

But after this; after the second generation from the apostles had departed, after the middle of the second century; and after vain philosophy presumed to amalgamate with the gospel; and to explain, comment upon and add to its plain and simple doctrines, error and corruption and absurdity soon followed; and the sober and intelligent part of the world became disgusted with such subtle disputes and absurd dogmas as are introduced.

Mohammed introduced his religious system in the seventh century of the christian era: and though its extensive reception and prevalence are, in a great measure, to be attributed to force, and to its favoring some of the bad passions of men, it owes its acceptance with many to the fundamental doctrine of the divine unity, which it taught as an essential truth in theology. At the period, when this artful impostor appeared, and assumed to be a *messenger*, a prophet of God, the church of Christ had become very erroneous and debased. And christianity had degenerated into a near relation or likeness to idolatry and polytheism. Pictures and emblems of the Deity, of Christ and of the Virgin Mary, were greatly multiplied; and the Nicene and Athanasian creeds were required to be received by every orthodox believer; which were not only unintelligible, but absurd and contradictory in the very terms of them—and, if they had any meaning fully taught a plurality of Gods.

It is not only to be supposed, but it is matter of history, that this doctrine of the orthodox churches, in the fifth, sixth and seventh centuries, was an obstacle to the prevalence of the gospel, after the fourth century; and that it was the occasion with many to oppose it, and to embrace some other religious system. The people of Arabia had long been believers in the divine unity; probably, even from the time of Job; except that some of them adopted the religion of Persia; and considered fire the emblem of Deity. The religion of Mohammed, therefore, met a favorable reception with them and the neighboring nations; especially when compared to a system which taught, as they were told, that there were more Gods than one.

In other countries, and in later times, the christian religion has been rejected for the same reason. It has been pretended, even by its learned friends, that it asserted, there were three persons in the godhead, or divine essence; and that these were equal in power, co-eternal, and co-infinite; neither before, nor superior to the others. And this has been insisted on, as necessary above all things to be received; though, at the same time, indeed, it has been said there was but one God. To reflecting men, this doctrine has appeared irrational, contradictory and absurd, after all the explanations of learned and ingenious theologians.

It becomes highly important, then, with those who contend, that the trinitarian dogma is a doctrine of the gospel, and who insist, that it

is essential to receive it, in the sense of the Athanasian or in the Nicene creed, to reflect seriously on this subject. Unless they can show that such a doctrine is fully and clearly taught in the Bible, they are chargeable with great presumption as well as arrogance, in urging it as an essential truth. They must not expect, that reflecting and reasonable men will receive the doctrine, from surmises, probability, or inference; much less from its antiquity, or the subtle distinctions of metaphysicians.

The trinitarian dogma, as heretofore held, and urged as essential to christianity, must be given up, as to being a clear doctrine of revelation; and be ranked with *transubstantiation*, the worship of pictures and images, and licenses for sinning; as most absurd and corrupt—equally contrary to reason and the gospel—as the sigment of human conceit and folly, and wholly unknown to the apostles and their immediate followers.

Every one must form his own faith on this point, from a careful perusal and comparing of different parts of the sacred scriptures. But it must be most wise and safe, and most faithful to inspired truth, to speak of this doctrine in the language of the apostles. It is admitted by all sects of Christians, that Jesus of Nazareth was the true Messiah; and we are therefore justified in speaking of him as the SENT, or the Messenger of God—or as the SON of God; having the spirit of God without measure, and continually, while engaged in his public ministry—as one in whom God dealt by his spirit in a peculiar manner; as the representation or image of God; who spake by divine authority; and whom the Father guided and directed.

The language of Scripture is the most proper to use, in speaking of the character of Christ, and of his relation to the Father. Let the ministry of the gospel be satisfied with this. Let missionaries, who go forth to convert the heathens, be satisfied with this. Then will christianity cease to be opposed by the intelligent and the philosophical, and by all who exercise their reason in judging of the claims of a religion to be divine; and be received as a revelation from the Author of reason and nature, of wisdom and love. Then, though we may not all interpret scripture precisely alike;—we shall keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace—professing one Lord, one faith, one baptism; and one God and Father of all, who is over all and in all!

A. B.

From the Baptist Magazine.

CONNECTION OF THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT WITH IDOLATRY IN INDIA.

The countenance and support given by Government to the prevailing forms of religion, is a weighty subject, and calls for the solemn consideration of British Christians. I cannot but sympathize deeply with the missionaries, in the trials and obstructions they meet on this account. They have little doubt but that the pernicious influence of the brahmins would wither, and their system lose its power, if Government did not render its aid, both by open countenance and direct taxation.

An extreme fear of creating political disturbances, if efforts were made to convert the natives to Christianity, seems to have possessed the Company's Government, from the beginning. Hence the refusal, at first, to allow missionary effort. Hence Chamberlain, though in the service of her royal highness, the Begaum, was deemed pestilent for preaching at a fair, and her majesty was reluctantly obliged to send him down to Calcutta. Happily, the little band that found a refuge under the Danish flag at Serampore, lived to prove practically, that such fears are groundless.

But, though the Government now permits and protects missionary effort, it has not wholly lost its early fears; and these, together with a desire to be strictly neutral, lead to measures directly favorable to idolatry. It levies and collects the revenues for supporting brahmins and temples, as the former rulers did, thus virtually making idolatry and Mahometanism the established religions of the country! The annual allowance from the public treasury, for the support of the temple of Juggernaut, is 56,000 rupees, [about $26,000,] and many other temples have allowances equally liberal. C. Buller, in his letter to the Court of Directors, on this subject, says, 'Large pensions, in land and money, are allowed by our Government, in all parts of the country, for keeping up the religious institutions both of Hindoos and Mahometans.' Lord Wm Bentinck, Governor General of India, under date of August, 1835, speaking of the tax laid on pilgrims, which yields the Company a handsome revenue, says, 'As long as we maintain, most properly in my opinion, the different establishments belonging to the Mahometan and Hindoo religions, we need not much scruple about the tax in question.'

In the district of Tinnevelly, an examination on this subject was made by Mr T., who found 2,783 temples, and 9,799 petty kovils, of male and female deities, and some inferior religious stations; making a total of 14,851 places of idolatrous worship. The total charge of these, on the Government, amounts to thirty thousand pounds sterling, [about $135,000,] per annum.

Beside this regular support, there are numerous other modes in which the national systems are countenanced. Mr Rhenius has stated, that, in 1831, Government contributed forty thousand rupees toward the performance of a certain ceremony in the temple at Tinnevelly, and to repair the idol's car. At the principal festivals, guns are fired, by national ships, and by the Company's troops, and the military bands of music are loaned to grace the occasions. Thus *Christian* soldiers are compelled to do honor to the false prophet and to dumb idols. Various temples and gateways have been built or repaired by Government. Vast sums have been spent on colleges and schools, for the inculcation of heathen and Mahomedan doctrines and customs. By these same laws and customs British judges and magistrates regulate their decisions, instead of the pure and equitable laws of their own land, and of the Christian scriptures. When the cars of certain gods are to be drawn in public procession, there has been, for some years back, in various places, a deficiency of people. In such cases the officers of Government send out magistrates, and constables or peons, who, with whips and ratans, beat the wretched people, and force them to quit their work and drag at the ropes.

Until lately, the appointment of native Christians to any office, however low, was prohibited. That prohibition is now removed; but as the local officers are not bound to employ them, and the general feeling is against it, they are still excluded. How impressively does this say to the natives, that their rulers do not want them to become Christians! I have heard many declare, that a man who would change his religion, is not worthy of confidence! I made many inquiries, and could never find any one who knew of a Christian sepoy being ever raised above the ranks.

Corporal punishment has been abolished in all the native regiments. Recently a Christian sepoy committed an offence, which formerly was punished with flogging. The question was started, whether this man, being a Christian, came under the new law. The decision was, that he was not a native, in the eye of the law; and he was made to undergo the lash! I took this fact from the Calcutta newspapers.

Public offices are closed entirely on various native festivals; but on the Christian Sabbath, native officers and servants, and many Europeans, are employed as usual. I have been in no part of the Company's territories where public works, carried on by native laborers, are not continued on the Lord's day.

By Mahommedan and Hindoo laws of inheritance, the son who changes his religion, loses his patrimony. British judges therefore, deciding by these laws, are compelled to turn the convert from his home, a beggar. The very records of these courts are *inscribed* to *Shree*, to *Ganesha*, and other false gods. Brahmins and others have been appointed and employed by Government, to make intercessions and invocations to pagan gods for rain, and for fair weather!

I speak in no spirit of bitterness in narrating these facts. The Government has in the main, good intentions, I have no doubt; and next to the profit of the Company, and the preservation of these countries to Britain, desires the well-being of the people.

Two incidents have just occurred, which will be likely to attract attention to the necessity of a reform in these matters. Mr Cassamajor, a distinguished civilian, has resigned his appointment, rather than collect revenues for the support of idolatry. Of course, those who hold similar appointments, are anxious to quiet their consciences, and sustain their reputation; and a thousand arguments are brought forward against Mr Cassamajor's course. The present commander-in-chief on the Madras presidency, principled against countenancing idolatry, yet not able to forbid the attendance of troops on festival occasions, which is a Government regulation, issued a circular, forbidding the music to accompany them. This order has created him much trouble. Sir F. Adam, the governor, repeatedly and positively required him to issue a countermanding order. This Sir P. Maitland would not do, choosing rather that the governor in council, who has the power, should himself countermand the order. After some days of sharp contest, the governor's time to embark for England, arrived; and nothing was done.—*Malcom's Journal.*

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

GRATITUDE TO GOD.

We oftentimes are depressed and gloomy on account of the coldness and insensibility with which we receive the richest blessngs of our Father. It is but seldom indeed that we glow with that holy gratitude which we know is due for our benefits received. When a visible, mortal friend comes in with ready kindness to relieve our wants, or bestow some desired good, our hearts are at once warmed, our blood flows quickly, often with almost painful violence. We forget for a time the gift in our love to the giver. We seek to express our gratitude, as we best can, by words, if words will come at our need, for they often refuse to serve us, when most wanted, or by acts, which we know will be grateful to our benefactor. The case is different with God's gifts; instead of forgetting the gift in our gratitude to the Giver, we often utterly forget the Giver in our selfish joy for the gift. We wish to make a comparison between the love of God as manifested by his gifts, and that of our best earthly friends, as shown by theirs. Those tokens of affection are most acceptable, which while of great service to us, are unexpected as well as undeserved, and manifest the disinterested and hearty love of our friends. When trouble and embarrassment begin to threaten us, and the question, what shall we do, often thrusts itself upon our disturbed minds, how softened are our hearts by the unlooked for aid, delicately offered to us by some considerate friend. Our gratitude is mixed with surprise, and our attempts to express our feelings are often so feeble and ineffectual, that we fear lest our friend will think us cold and ungrateful. Then the resolution is formed more strong and heart-felt, than ever before, that we will improve to the utmost of our abilties, the privileges enjoyed by us, and thus prove our love and gratitude. How differently do we often receive the gifts of our Heavenly Friend. These come at the very moment when most needed, they are entirely undeserved, and show the most disinterested love, for they come from one, whom we not only may not have sought to please, but oftentimes may have wilfully offended. But notwithstanding its wonderful adaptation to our necessities, we grasp the gift, and enjoy it with entire forgetfulness of the Giver, as if it were our due and right. How is this? The gifts of our Heavenly Friend are as real, as perceptible even to sense and enjoyed with as much certainty, as those received from our earthly friends. Is it then because we see not the hand extended with the gift, nor the countenance, lighted with love? Or is it because we receive so many gifts from God, all in the same manner bestowed? Surely either supposition is unworthy of intelligent, thinking beings. If an earthly friend were removed from us, and was consequently unable to present to us with his own hand his gift, should we feel any the less grateful, because we received it from him by another? Or if this friend, instead of one kindness, had constantly been relieving our necessities, and ministering to our comforts, should we feel less and less grateful at each successive proof of his love? No, our hearts would beat the quicker, our gratitude would be the more intense.

The gifts of our friends to relieve and aid us are not the only cause of our love to them. We love them because they are friends, because we can go to them in times of adversity and receive their sympathy and encouragement, and in prosperity can have our joys doubled by their participation in them. We love to be with them, to be conscious of their presence, to know, even though we hear not the sound of their voice, that they are with us. Can we not feel the same with regard to our Heavenly Father? True, we cannot hear his voice, uttering to us directly the words of love, but we are just as certain of the existence of that love. We are just as certain of his presence, as if we saw a shape moving before us.

But even our earthly friends are not fully valued by us till they are gone. While they are alive we think frequently of them, we are anticipating, when separated for a time, our re-union with them. While we form our plans, and our minds are reaching into the dim future, they are present to us. But when instead of a short separation, which often loses its pain in the prospect of the coming meeting, we know that the long separation has taken place, then we feel fully what our friends were. When in solitude our minds are darting forward, and forming as before plans and projects, then the sad reality of our loss will force itself upon us. God cannot die, but if we could be assured that we were never more to be the objects of his love, that for *us* he no longer existed, what would be our condition. Then we should feel without measure, what we felt in degree, when deprived of our earthly friends. Not only would our blessings cease, but the dreary consciousness that we were shut out from his presence, would forever haunt us. In our silent walks, all would be darkness and despair, did we suppose we were never again to be the recipients of God's love. Society would be a torment, did the consciousness that we were forsaken by our Father constantly rush over our minds with its withering influence. Perhaps by thus dwelling on the thought of being outcasts from Divine Love, we may in some slight degree increase our gratitude for being the objects of that love.

H. H. J.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

A VISION.

'The word of God is to be the saving power of our country.'

I had been reading about Brutus before the battle of Phillippi, and the second watch of the night was passed, when possessed with sober meditation, I fell asleep; and there appeared to me in different guise from that of the vision, which I had been meditating, the Genius of my country, with troubled look. Her forehead was surmounted by the emblem of liberty, rent and soiled, and in her hand she bore the cross, from the top of which streamed a starry banner. Her countenance was discomposed, and the lightning of her eyes was alternately tempered by blushing shame or softened by the mild radiance of faith. Thus she came before me, as I was bound in deep sleep, and called in my ear, 'Thou sleepest, Brutus, and thy country is betrayed.' I started trembling; 'Where, O gracious Goddess? How? We are children of the great Washington, and have never been in bondage to any.' 'Is it so? Look you here,' said she, and as she spake, she drew aside the veil, and there appeared in the distance dimly rising, a battle field confused and bloody, of conquest and defeat. 'It is from thence, that I have come; see how my faithful are oppressed;' and her form grew more god-like with terrible indignation. I looked, and saw, stalking in the van of the conquerers, with politic manœuvres, Calculation, and on his banner was written, 'Expediency and the State;' his armour was marked all over with figures; cold hate sat upon his brow; his motions were awkward and measured, but the blows of his ponderous mace were dreadful; and Trade bustled at his side with his quick-moving spear. After these bellowed a mad host, hard to be controlled even by such a head. First, Party brandished her torch; then Envy came, Deceit, Ribaldry and Scorn, Lust and Pleasure grinned and clapped their hands. And in the rear, pressed on a host of nameless terrors, yelling the watchword, 'Expediency and the State,' all bearing fierce upon the host of yielding patriots, who were fast falling or dispersed. Virtue, Love, and Devotion had fled, and Hope crouched trembling and in tears behind the shield of dying Faith. Even Philosophy, pressed hard by Disgust, had left the field, and stood folded in the arms of Contemplation upon a lofty and secluded Tower. Enthusiasm alone still lightened through the host, far-flashing with her seraph sword; but when her sire, Faith, was dead, and all her brave allies gone, step by step she yielded indignant before the measured advances of Calculation and his Legions.

I started at this sight, and grasped I know not what, burning to rush into the scene. The Vision repressed my ardour, and with a troubled smile said, 'Thy arm will be of no avail, these are no material forms which thou hast seen, but by the coinage of the brain, the very thoughts take bodily shapes, and heaven descended dreams have revealed what the waking world can never see. Know from this what foes harass my peace unseen. I am wounded and defiled.' At these words the face of the Vision grew pale, and the fire of her eye was dulled, but flashed again, as she exclaimed as before, 'Thou sleepest, Brutus, what hast thou done to possess the gift of tongues, which the Holy Spirit offers now as much as of yore. The Word it is, the Word which must defend me, as it did create. Thought must be thy armor, and the tongue thy sword. I have withdrawn the veil, and thou hast seen; sleep on now, and take thy rest, and see me conquered and enslaved.' And so saying the Genius of my country melted away, her countenance growing more distressful, as it disappeared, and the eyes turned to the last on me.

[From the New York Observer.]

HINTS,

To Speakers of the Anniversaries.

1. Remember that you are not the main attraction of the meeting, but are asked to contribute with others to its pleasure and profitableness. Therefore, be reasonably short, that the rest may have sufficient time. It argues insufferable *self-conceit* to be long on such an occasion.

2. Make no apologies. They waste time, are generally hypocritical, and are rarely believed. If you are not prepared, we do not wish to hear you. If you are, why say you are not? A truly modest man never talks of his modesty.

3. Do not bandy compliments with other speakers. We come to hear God praised, and not man. If they are very good, we will find it out without your telling us. The rule, 'Tickle me and I'll tickle you,' is pretty well blown.

4. Give us no extracts from your old sermons. They want the piquancy and point of a shorter address.

5. Begin no sentence with, 'we live in an age;' nor talk about the wonders of the age. We have heard enough of that.

6. Do not talk about 'moral levers,' 'rail-road speed,' &c. Nor tell us, that you are reminded of the 'tribes in Jerusalem at the annual festival.' Nor compare tracts to 'winged messengers,' 'leaves from the tree of life,' and the like. Nor, if you speak in Chatham street chapel, quote the text of 'the people rushing with one accord into the Theatre.' These good things were worn out years ago

7. Do not say, 'Mr Chairman,' too often. It is a sign that you do not know what to say next.

8. Stop when you have done.

9. Speak for the glory of God, and not for your own.

B.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

EXTRACTS FROM THE ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BELKNAP ST. INFANT SCHOOL SOCIETY.

To those present, we need say nothing of the importance of sustaining the school, whose interests have called us together at this time—the peculiar adaptation of the Infant school system to the wants of the poor, having been so often and ably discussed, and the experiment so successfully tried. In our efforts to sustain the school through another year, we have had some difficulties to encounter, unknown to those who have been pleading for other schools—the greatest of which has been the apathy and indifference of the community to the wants of the neglected colored race. We are told that the city does enough for the education of these children—but, it does *nothing for those under five years old.* It was this class of children whom we saw neglected and exposed to all that is bad, that we wished to see gathered into the Infant school, under the care of a pious and intelligent teacher, thus enabling many parents to be out laboring for their subsistence, without feeling that their children were exposed to ruin. By the good Providence of God we have been enabled to do this. It is now two years since this school was re-established, and though we have sometimes commenced a quarter, not knowing where we were to obtain the means to pay the teacher, yet the money has always come. Our subscription list is very small, affording scarcely sufficient to defray the expense of one quarter. The unpleasant task of begging, a few of us have been compelled to undertake, and in this way the school has been sustained. We acknowledge with gratitude the liberality of many friends, and are confident they would feel themselves amply repaid, could they witness the gratitude of the parents and the rapid improvement of the children.

One great source of discouragement the first year, was the indifference of the parents about sending their children. This is now entirely removed. As evidence of their interest in the school, they have, the last year, paid the the assistant when we have had one, furnished the wood, and have subscribed $50 towards defraying the expense of the school, being more than one quarter of the Teacher's salary. If no other good has been accomplished, we feel repaid for all our exertions, by this increased interest of the colored people in the moral and intellectual improvement of their children. Much good has been, and much more may be done by the faithful visiting of the Managers. Our Savior says 'the poor ye have always with you, and whensoever ye will, ye may do them good.' What better opportunity can we have than this school affords for doing good to both parents and children of God's most neglected poor. However degraded and unwilling to receive advice and counsel they may be, approach them through the medium of their little ones, and in most cases they will lend a willing ear.

It is not only, or chiefly, the intellectual improvement of the children which renders this school so important and valuable. It is the moral training which they receive. Taken, as many of them are, from the evil influence of bad examples, knowing no law but that of violence, here the mild and peaceful principles of the Gospel are instilled into their youthful minds, teaching them, and often through them their miserable Parents, that much that they see at home is sin, and entirely opposed to the law of God. Can such instructions fail to make an impression? we believe not; and it is this which has encouraged us to go on, having full faith that though we should not now see all the effects of our exertions, the seed which is sown will not be lost, but will hereafter bring forth the fruit of honest and virtuous lives. We feel very desirous of obtaining a sufficient number of subscribers to support the school, so as not to depend as we have done upon the donations of the benevolent. The whole expense of the school is but $200; $100 subscribed would enable us to continue this important charity—if we cannot obtain this, we fear it must be relinquished.

May 5th, 1838.

CHRISTIAN SPIRIT OF THE CHEROKEES.

A letter from John Ross, the principal chief of the Cherokee nation, to a gentleman of Philadelphia, concludes with the following expression of the feelings of the Cherokees towards the whites.

'We distinctly disavow all thoughts, all desire, to gratify any feeling of resentment. That possessions acquired, and objects attained by unjust and unrighteous means, will sooner or later, prove a curse to those who have thus sought them, is a truth we have been taught by that holy religion which was brought to us by our white brethren. Years, nay, centuries may elapse before the punishment may follow the offence, but the volume of history and the sacred Bible assure us that the period will certainly arrive. We would with Christian sympathy labor to avert the wrath of Heaven from the United States, by imploring your government to be just. The first of your ancestors who visited as strangers the land of the Indian, professed to be the apostles of Christ, and to be attracted by a desire to extend the blessings of his religion to the ignorant native. Thousands among you still proclaim the same noble and generous interest in our welfare; but will the untutored savage believe the white man's professions, when he feels that by his practices he has become an outcast and an exile? Can he repose with confidence in the declarations of philanthropy and universal charity, when he sees the professors of the religion which he is invited to embrace, the foremost in acts of oppression and of outrage?

Most sincerely and ardently do we pray that the noble example of William Penn may be more generally followed, and that the rich rewards which attended his exertions may be shewered upon the heads of those, who like him, never outraged the rights or despoiled the property of the Indian. To such, among their highest earthly comforts, and among the assurances of still higher enjoyments hereafter, will be the blessing and prayer of the friendless native.'

Professor Ritter, who has lately returned to Berlin from the East, has communicated to the Statistical Society of Berlin, a ludicrous account of the use the Turkish authorities make of the valuable scientific instruments lately presented to the Sultan by the Austrian Government.--They distribute them in equal portions between the public establishments, but with so little discrimination as to their intended uses, that mathematical instruments are to be found at the College of Surgeons, while others destined for surgical operations are placed in the Military School.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, MAY 12, 1838.

The remark is often made that there are multitudes of Christians in the ranks of the Trinitarian party, who do not at heart, believe in the distinctive dogma of that party, but who are in reality Unitarians in sentiment. To what extent, this assertion is true, we are unable to form an opinion. Some have hazarded the conjecture that a majority of Christians in the United States are, bona fide, anti-Trinitarians. This is a startling and bold opinion, and is not to be hastily acceded to. But, at any rate, we know very well that there is some foundation in fact, for the current remark. And if it be so, it seems to us to be a matter for very serious consideration.

The doctrine of the essential unity of God, the Father, is of all others the last to be trifled with—too sublime, too solemn, too peculiar and fundamental to be shadowed, tampered with, or mystified. It is the key-stone of true religion. It is the centre of the harmony of the universe. It is the Sun to human reason. It is the first principle of all clear interpretation of all the oracles of God.

Less important peculiarites of his belief, a man may perhaps, be pardoned for keeping in the shade—though never for denying—and we can look with a certain degree of respect, upon the individual who sacrifices some of his minor prejudices, and keeps in the back ground some of his private speculations and opinions, for the sake of union and peace, and of full concert in action with that band of Christians who may most nearly sympathize with him, or with whom it may be convenient and expedient for him to associate and act: but the sincere believer in the doctrine of the divine Unity, who can disguise and cover *this* article of his creed for the sake of conformity with a popular church, or from fear, or from indifference, or, who can consent to allow this first principle of his religion to be amalgamated with theological technicalities, or to be, in never so slight a degree, shaded or mystified by the glosses of synods, councils or assemblies, is worthy only of the detestation or pity of every honest mind.

We have entire respect for every conscientious and sincere Trinitarian—while we wonder that he should be so wedded to the phraseology and dogmas of men, in preference to the plain and simple declarations of the word of God; but, for one, we are at a loss to frame any apology for those, who, holding, at heart, to the scriptural formulary '*to us there is but one God—the Father—and one Lord Jesus Christ*,' can consent to enroll themselves in name, with those who proclaim, in fact, '*Hear O Israel, the Lord thy God is a* TRINITY.'

THE CHEROKEES.

It is always a subject of the most melancholy reflection to the benevolent mind, that the progress of civilization (as it is called) in this hemisphere, or, more properly, the hasty onward sweep of the dominion of the whites, has been over the ruins of those aboriginal tribes, that, not many years ago, hunted fearless and happy among their own native forests. It seems to many, strange and pitiful that *Christian civilization* could not more generally, have drawn the red men into its elevating and purifying embrace, and thus have saved them, while it enlarged its borders and extended its empire; instead of driving them before it like Philistines, and crushing them beneath the tramp of its impetuous hosts.

We know not how far the fate that has befallen the Indian tribes might have been averted by a more humane and Christian-like policy on the part of our ancestors; nor how far it would have been possible, under other circumstances, for the whites to have settled and propagated in this country, and the red men to have been preserved and elevated: but this at least, is plain to all, that our nation, from the first to last, has too frequently dealt rudely, ungenerously and cruelly with the Aborigines, and owes them a debt which, alas! can never be paid, and for which, the Judge of all the earth has exacted, and will exact an impartial reckoning from our people.

But our forefathers, guilty as they may have been in this regard, are not, alone, chargeable with injustice and inhumanity to the Indians. Would to Heaven that their descendants were able to wash their hands in innocency before God and man. But, if they *killed* the poor natives, we *build their sepulchres.* The same narrow and unchristianlike policy which has ever been employed towards the Indians, seems destined to pursue them even unto the end. Not satisfied with all the rich inheritance that we have taken from them, and with the superabundance that we already possess, we must as it were, even go and take forcibly their one *ewe lamb.*

The condition of the unfortunate *Cherokees* is indeed such as to excite the deepest sympathy and commiseration of every friend of humanity and right. They seem to linger in the bosom of our territory, by the providence of God—peaceable, christianized, civilized as they are—for the very purpose of testing our humanity and our justice. And yet, while they are earnestly pleading with us for their inheritance, or at least for a few more days to prepare for their removal; and while the dust of their red brethren is crying out to God and to our people against the sin of adding this feeble remnant to the countless victims of our injustice and cruelty; the decree has gone forth, and we are on the eve of expelling them prematurely, amidst floods of bitter tears and the cracking of tender heartstrings, from the fields and dwellings which they have called their home, and from the graves in which their fathers and their children rest.

The Christian Statesman has the following pertinent remarks upon the subject, with the tone and sentiments of which we heartily coincide.

Without discussing the questions, whether this treaty is justly binding upon the Cherokees or not, or whether their want of preparation for removal is owing to the misrepresentations and improper conduct and influence of their chiefs, it is clear to us that they are entitled to great forbearance, both from the citizens of Georgia and the General Government. Having in vain sought to open negotiations for a new treaty, having made their earnest but ineffectual appeals to Congress, Mr Ross and his associates, we learn, consent to remove, and are now endeavoring to obtain some extension of time, and permission for their people to accomplish their removal in their own way, instead of being obliged to submit to the arrangements of contractors of the officers of Government. They also desire to possess a title, in fee simple, to their western lands. Their hopes rest mainly upon the justice and magnanimity of the Representatives from the States in which their nation resides. Sure we are, that nothing could be more honorable to those gentlemen than, in view of all the circumstances of this case, to exert their influence with the Executive, to lessen to these Cherokees, who are but now opening their eyes to their true condition, the evils, and soften the rigors, of what they at least feel, and thousands of our countrymen acknowledge, a harsh and severe, if even a necessary, policy. If forced suddenly away, it will be impossible, we are told, for a fair estimate to be taken of the property of the individual Cherokees, and, of course, for any equitable rule to be adopted for the distribution of the fund, to be received by the nation in exchange for their lands, of the Government.

THE SIXTH COMMANDMENT.

This is the title of a discourse delivered in the Chapel of Amherst College, March 11th, 1838—and published at the request of the Students—by Heman Humphrey, D. D. It is an elaborate, impressive and eloquent sermon. The author goes to the root of the matter, and shows up the sin and the folly of the Duellist in a clear and broad light. His reasoning and appeals must have produced a powerful and lasting effect upon the minds of all the young men who listened to it.

We subjoin a brief extract.

But let us meet the professed duelist on his own chosen ground. He is governed by the law of honor, and common murderers and suicides are not. Here lies the mighty difference! Yes, honor is his decalogue, is the grand arbiter of his destiny, in obedience to whose mandates he kills his enemy, or his friend, or lays down his own life in single combat. What then is this so much vaunted and idolized code of honor? Let it be produced and held up before the eyes of the whole nation, that every child may read and admire it. Perchance we shall all like it better, when we come more fully to understand it. Yes, there it is—it can be no other code, for it is all written out in blood. Every hand that touches it is stained with blood. Every section, as the parchment is unrolled, demands more blood. And yet it must be paramount to all other codes, for it has the finest title in the world. It is the law of *honor* and what could human language more, or express better?

But do you see Moloch, himself the supreme legislator, and the keeper of the roll, reclining there in the back ground? Do you see his ministers, counsellors and executive officers, all standing round him, and all dripping with blood, and do you recoil from the picture? Do you ask whether honor, or any other word of two syllables can legalize deliberate and savage murder? Put your finger upon your lips. Be as silent as the grave, lest you rouse some honerable avenger to write out a copy of the law in your own blood. And is it not possible after all, that there may be some latent virtue in this law of honor, which vulgar minds cannot appreciate?—some charm in the words, to dry up tears and heal broken hearts?

Take it, ye who have murdered the only son of his widowed mother, to keep your honor spotless—take your bloody code, and read it to her in her distraction. Show her the euphonious title, and tell her how promptly her blooming boy accepted the challenge, and how bravely he met his fate; and remind her what reason she has to be proud of having given to the world such a noble son. Will it assuage her grief? Will it restore him to her fond embrace? Will it re-nerve that manly arm on which she was to have leaned in the decline of life.

Go next and offer your sanguinary code as a solace to the hearts which you have just crushed, by murdering a husband and a father, and sending him unprepared to his last account. Relate the story of the constructive insult, of the challenge, of the acceptance and of all the preliminary arrangements. Tell the young mother, the confiding wife in her desolation, what a fine rifle he had; how cheerfully he went out; how promptly he took his station; how not a muscle quivered when he stood up to give and receive the fire; how nobly he fell, and how peacefully he sleeps in the bed of honor! Make out a fair copy of your law on crimson satin and present it to those prattling children, to be hung up in a gilt frame, by the side of their father's portrait, and enjoin it upon their mother to teach it to them every Sabbath day, along with the Ten Commandments, that their little hearts may be fired with a noble and honorable emulation! What refined cruelty! what more than savage mockery! and yet such condolence would be in perfect keeping with the tenor and spirit of that law, under which duellists feloniously live and fight and die.

DUDLEIAN LECTURE.

The lecture was preached in the College Chapel, on Wednesday last, by Rev. George R. Noyes of Brookfield. The subject was the validity of ordination as practised in the N. E. Congregational Churches.

The theme itself is sufficiently obsolete and unpromising; but the ingenuity and patient

thought of the Lecturer rendered it fruitful of interesting, valuable and impressive suggestons and applications. It was a very able performance. We hope it will be published.

The ordination of Mr Samuel Osgood takes place at Nashua on Wednesday next. Services commence at 11 A. M. Sermon by Rev. Dr Walker.

MR WOOD'S LETTERS.

Our Readers will find on the last page further extracts from the letters of Rev. Samuel Wood of London—the printed sheets of three more of which, he has been so polite as to forward to us us. They will be continued in the next paper.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE, ETC.

Rev. H. Malcom's Missionary Tour.—At a Missionary meeting in New York, this gentleman stated that the period of his absence was two years and six months. During this time he made nineteen voyages by sea (which consumed 464 days,) fourteen voyages on rivers, and a land journey of 500 miles; besides smaller excursions by land and water. The whole distance travelled, including the actual courses at sea, is somewhat more than 53,000 miles. Until about a year ago, his health gradually sunk under continual inconveniences and exposures, not imagined by those who have travelled only in civilized countries.

He visited thirty-one missionary stations, including all those of Burmah; viz: Maulmieo, Amherst, Tavoy, Mergui, Rangoon, Ava, Kyouk-Phyoo, Akyab, Chittagong, Calcutta, Serampore, Chitpore, Seebpore, Allipore, Madras, St. Thomas', Mount, Royapooram, Vepry, Royapetta, Myaveram, Cuddalore, Chillumbrum, Combaconum, Tanjore, Trichinopoly, Singapore, Bankok, Malacca, Canton, Macao, and the Cape of Good Hope. Some of these places are stations for different missionary bodies, so that in point of fact the number of stations visited is fifty-four. At these he became acquainted with eighty-seven ordained missionaries; Episcopal, Lutheran, Scotch-Presbyterian, Wesleyan, Independent, Congregational, and Baptist, besides assistants, school-teachers, and printers. At every place he carefully noted down the methods of management, and nature of results.

It is his intention to proceed to the preparation of a book, to contain not only his journal, but copious descriptions of the natural, religious and civil condition of Burmah; notices of the countries and stations visited; and distinct chapters on the present mode of conducting missions; on the measure of success which has attended the enterprise since its resumption in modern times; on new fields in and around Burmah; on the state and prospects of missionary efforts among the Chinese; and on the longevity of missionaries to the East. He will assign to the Board of Missions such a portion of the profits of this book, as, if it shall meet with any considerable sale, will gradually repay the expenses of the journey and thus render his services entirely gratuitous. This work will require for its preparation and the execution of its engravings six or eight months.

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Brief View of Baptist Missions.

Abstracted from the 24th annual Report April 25th, 1838.

Missions.—The number of Missions under the direction of the Board is twenty-three. Of these, there are twelve connected with Indian tribes in North America; three in Europe—in France, Germany and Greece; one in Africa—in Liberia; and seven in Asia—in Burmah, and among the Karens, in Siam, Arracan, and Asam, and among the Chinese, and the Teloogoos.

Stations.—There are sixty-nine stations, including thirty-two out stations. Fifteen stations and six out-stations are among the North American Indians; ten stations and five out-stations in Europe, two stations in Africa, and the residue in Asia.

Missionaries and Assistants.—The number of Missionaries sent from this country, is ninety-eight (51 males and 47 females,) and of native missionaries and assistants, about seventy, exclusive of native assistants in the printing department, viz:—

Miss. to Ind. Tribes,	34	missionaries,	9 nat. miss. & as.
" Europe,	8	" more than 11	" " "
" Africa,	5	"	
" Asia,	51	" and about 50	" " "
Total	98		70

Fifty-three missionaries have been sent out by the Board during the last three years.

Churches and Members.—Connected with the missions are thirty-eight churches, twenty of which have been consituted since the last meeting of the Convention. The number of their members is about sixteen hundred and fifty.

Baptisms.—One hundred and twenty-five have been added to the Indian Churches, by baptism the past year, about fifty to the Churches in France and Germany, and more than three hundred to the Karen and Burman. Total, at all the stations, about five hundred.

Printing Operations.—There are five printing establishments, embracing fifteen printing presses, viz: one at Shawnee, Indian Territory, with one printing press; one at Sadiya, Asam, with two presses; one at Maulmien, Burmah, eight presses, including a power press; one at Tavoy, in Tenasserim, two presses; and one in Bangkok, Siam, two presses, one a lithographic press. An additional press has been ordered to Bangkok. Of the presses attached to the Maulmien and Tavoy station, five were sent out the last year.

Three of the establishments for printing—those at Sadiya, Tavoy, and Bangkok—have been founded recently. The first printing executed at Bangkok, was in the autumn of 1836. About 900,000 8vo. pages were printed prior to the close of the following May. At the Tavoy press, which went into operation in April of last year, about 1,500,000 pp. were printed during the four ensuing months. At Sadiya, there were two works printed, of 500 copies each, prior to July 1837, and a third was in progress. The returns from the Maulmein printing department are incomplete for the year ending June 30, 1837. The ordinary rate of printing, on four presses, was nine thousand sheets per day. The issues in the autumn of 1836, were at the average rate of 2,000,000 pagas per month; and the demand for books and tracts be yond the power to supply, was greater than at any former period. 4,800 vols. or 236,400 pp. were printed at the Shawnee press, exclusive of a monthly periodical in English and Shawnee, and other occasional publications. The number of heathen languages in which books have been prepared and printed by missionaries of the Board during the year, is fifteen.

State of the Treasury.—The recipts into the treasury during the year ending April 15, 1838, from *all* sources, were $63,070 19; of which auxilary associations, churches, and individuals contributed $ 36,315 29. The to tal expenditures for the same period, including an unpaid sum, now due, and decrease of funds in the hands of foreign agents, of about $25,000—were $107,410 90. Excess of expencitures above receipts, $44,340 71.—*Ch. Watchman.*

Treasurer of the American Bible Society.—We learn that Abraham Keyser, Esq., late Treasurer of the State of New York, has been unanimously chosen as Treasurer of the American Bible Society, in place of John Nitchie, Esq., deceased, and has accepted the office. Mr Keyser, we understand, is a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and well qualified, by his capacity, habits, manners, and catholic spirit, for the arduous duttes to which he is called.—*N. Y. Observer.*

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Proportion of British Expenditure for Religious Institutions.—'Our population exceeds twenty-four millions. The rental of our land ed property is rated at six millions a year; the interest of our funded debt is thirty millions; and to these the untold profits of professional pursuits, merchandise, traffic and labor must be added, to show the total income of the inhabitants of this country. Our taxes on luxuries may also, in some measure, illustrate our means of voluntary expenditure, remembering that these taxes are but a limited proportion of the real sum which we pay for luxuries taxed. In 1830, the amount of the customs in the British isles on foreign articles imported, was twenty-one millions; the amount of duties on British and foreign spirits, was upwards of eight millions; the taxes on carriages and horses for riding, raised above £700,000. Contrast, then, the exertions in missions by Protestants of every land, with the manifested resources of this country. Our national rental and funded interest, the more independent part of our national annual income, exclusive of the profits of professions, merchandise, traffic, and labor, averages about seventy-five shillings a year, for each individual of our twenty-four millions of inhabitants. The aggregate sum given to all religious institutions put together, averages but sixpence a year for each individual inhabitant of our country. The bare taxes on luxuries, or injurious indulgencies, make us blush for our country, by showing us how totally disproportionate is our whole expenditure for missionary objects. The mere customs are thirty five times as much; the bare duties on British and foreign spirits are thirteen times as much as all Protestant Christians give to religious societies. The taxes on our carriages and riding horses exceed the annual income of all religious societies of Protestant nations.'

SCRAPS.

A Great Mass.—We are requested to announce that on next Monday morning, (May 7,) at half past 9, there will be a solemn high mass, for all, both living and dead, who have worshipped in St. Joseph's Church. On the same occasion there will be a discourse, and a collection will be taken up in the aid of the new Church, to be built on the site of the present dilapidated edifice, which will be taken down on Tuesday, May 8.—*Phil. Catholic Herald.*

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The Royal Sceptre.—The sceptre of England is made of gold, the handle plain, the upper part wreathed; in length about two feet nine inches and a quarter; in circumference about three inches at the handle, and two inches and a quarter at the top. The pommel of the latter is enriched with rubies, emeralds and small diamonds, and about five inches and a half above the handle is embellished and embossed with saphires. On the top is a mould with a cross.

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Enormous Tree.—During the voyage of the Prince de Joinville to Rio Janeiro, the Hercule, in passing Goree, took on board one of the enormous Baobab trees which border the shores of that island. This magnificent botanical specimen is to come to France, and will be peculiarly valuable as being the first of its kind submitted to the leisurely examination of French naturalists. Nothing short of the influence of the young Prince could have prevailed on the King of Dacer to allow the cutting down of one of these trees, which are considered sacred by the negree population of this part of Africa. More than 200 laborers were employed during a whole day in bringing it to the river, and its embarkment was ultimately accomplished without accident.

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THE DEAD NAPOLEON.

The following account of the manner in which the body of Napoleon was made ready for the tomb, will be new, we suspect, to many of our readers, if not to all. At least we have never met with it before. It is copied by a London weekly paper from the Ceylon Chronicle, the editor of which latter journal vouches for its authenticity.—*Colonization Herald.*

Sergeant Millington's Memorandum.

On Sunday the 6th of May, 1821. I was sent for while attending divine service, to make a tin coffin for Gen. Napoleon Bonaparte. On Monday the 7th, I was ordered to attend at Longwood House for the purpose of soldering up the body of Gen. Bonaparte in the tin coffin, which was performed in the following manner, in presence of Gens. Bertrand and Montholon, Mad. Bertrand, the French chaplain, the French surgeon, Mr A. Darling, Dr Rushop, H. M. 20 regiment of foot, several of the French domestics, and Samuel Ley, private in the 20th regiment. The body of the late Gen. Napoleon Bonaparte, in full dress, was deposited in a tin coffin, which was lined with white silk and cotton. His cocked hat was laid across his thighs, and on the left breast of his coat was a gold star and cross, and several other medals of the same metal; several pieces of coin, of various sizes and different value, were also put into the coffin. His heart was deposited in a silver urn or tureen filled with spirits, to which I soldered a lid or cover of the same material, which was placed between the small parts of his legs. His stomach was deposited in a silver mug in which there was spirits, which was also put in the coffin, A silver plate, knife, fork, and spoon, and a silver cup, were also deposited in the coffin. Subsequent to placing the body of the General in the coffin, the tin lid of the coffin, being lined with white silk and stuffed with cotton, was put in its place, and I soldered it on the coffin enclosing the late Gen. Napoleon Bonaparte and all the above mentioned articles. This tin coffin, with its contents, was then enclosed in a mahogany coffin, and they were enclosed in a lead coffin, which made in all three coffins.—Abraham Millington' Sergeant St. Helena Artillery.

CONGRESS.

In the Senate on Monday, April 30, passed a bill —37 yeas to 6 nays—to protect the emigrant and other Indians west of the Mississippi. Mr Clay offered a joint resolution, providing that hereafter, there shall be no discrimination of the kinds of funds demanded by the Government in payment of its dues and that the notes of banks, paid and payable on demand in specie, shall be received by the Government in payment of all dues, and be paid to all public creditors who are willing to receive them. The resolution was ordered to be printed.

In the House, Mr Calhoun of Massachusetts, moved to suspend the rules in order to take up the two bills from the Senate for the protection of travellers in Steamboats. The motion was lost, and there is no hope of the action of the House on this subject this session. Some petitions from the West call on Congress, 'in the name of God and humanity,' to act on the subject.

The Senate on Tuesday adjourned early, having done little business deserving of notice.

In the House, Mr Cambreleng presented a communication from the Treasury Department, stating the condition of the Treasury as to available resources.

The subject of the Duel Committee's report was resumed, the motion to recommit being under consideration.

The correspondent of one of the papers says, 'the members of Congress, on Tuesday, were all at a great match race between Decatur and Fanny, for $20,000.' Not *all* there, we hope. That so many were there as to render it expedient or necessary for those who remained at their post to adjourn for want of a quorum, is probably true. And we regret to record so disgraceful a truth.

In the Senate on Wednesday, May 2d, Mr Clay's joint resolution upon the currency was taken up, and after warm discussion was referred to the Committee on Finance, yeas 28, nays 19.

In the House, the day was again occupied with the Duel Reports, the question being on J. Q. Adams's motion to recommit the reports with instructions, and upon various amendments proposed to those instructions.

On Thursday, May 3d, says the correspondent of the Boston Courier, 'After the reading of the minutes this morning, both Houses of Congress adjourned till Monday next, *that the Capitol may be ventilated, and the summer mats substituted for the carpets.* The National Jockey club are now holding their races on the course, about two miles from the city. It should not for a moment be supposed that the adjournment takes place at this particular time in order to give the honorable gentlemen an opportunity of visiting the race grounds. It was observed, however, that many of them stepped into carriages that were in waiting, and moved in that direction, immediately on leaving their seats, after the vote was taken.'

INTELLIGENCE.

Municipal.—At a meeting of the Board of Common Council on Thursday evening, the following gentlemen were elected Directors of the House of Industry:—Richards Child, Thomas Hollis, Joseph Lewis, James Means, Daniel Henchman, Artemas Simonds, Thomas H. Davis, Nathaniel H. Emmons, David Nickerson.

Charles Robbins was elected Master of the House of Correction, and the following gentlemen Directors: Luther Faulkner, George Darracott, Daniel Hastings, Wm. T. Andrews, Billings Briggs.

Public Garden.—At a meeting of the subscribers to a Public Garden, held at the Horticultural Society's Room, May 5, 1838, His Honor Judge Shaw was chosen Chairman, and Dr Winslow Lewis, Secretary. The meeting was unanimously of opinion that it is expedient that some measures should be taken to forward an object in which the amount already subscribed evinces so great an interest on the part of the public, and that further efforts should be made to increase the subscription, and to call the attention of the subscribers and the public generally to the object; whereupon it was

Voted, That Horace Gray and Francis C. Lowell Esqrs, be a committee to notify the subscribers, and request all others interested, to attend the adjourned meeting at the Rooms of the Horticultural Society, on Saturday next, (this day) at 4 o'clock P. M.

Winslow Lewis Jr, Secretary.

Improvement in Blasting Rocks.—We have seen a specimen of the patent Safety Fuse, which is described in the annexed article from the Journal of the American Institute, and which promises to be a useful improvement. We understand the article is on sale in this city.—*Adver.*

The Safety Fuse was briefly mentioned in the list of articles to which diplomas were awarded at the late Fair of the Institute; it deserves, however, from its importance, a more extended notice.

The Fuse is used in blasting rock, and is designed to prevent those melancholy accidents and loss of life, which often result from the premature explosion of the charge; this it does effectually by superseding the use of the metallic priming-needle, and securing as a *certainty* that the fire will progress to the powder at the rate of only eighteen inches per minute. Another property of the Fuse, it will discharge the blast under water with perfect certainty, and is therefore invaluable in wet blasting; and experiments have proved that by its use powder may be exploded 30 feet below the surface of the sea. It is also econominal, costing only one cent per foot, which it saves in time and labor in preparing the charge for firing, and adds in a considerable degree to the force of the explosion by the compactness with which the charge can be rammed home; knowing these qualities of the Fuse, we feel that we are promoting the cause of industry and humanity, by calling public attention to it.

The Duc.—We have recently learnt, on the best authority, a fact which has not been publicly noticed—that the Massachusetts delegation in Congress agreed not to participate, and took no part, in the funeral honors so lavishly bestowed upon Mr Cilley who fell in the duel with Mr Graves, on the same grounds which induced the Judges of the U. S. Supreme Court to have no part or let in the mater.—*Salem Register.*

The Great Western took her departure from New York for Bristol, with seventy passengers, on Monday afternoon, in presence of a great number of spectators, and accompanied by a brilliant escort of about a dozen steamboats deep freighted with passengers, —as far as the narrows.

The N. Y. American closes its description of the scene, with the following remark.

It was a proud day for New York, and duly celebrated. It is the beginning, indeed, of a new era for our whole country; for while, for all purposes of safe political and national isolation, the great ocean yet flows between us and the old world, for all the purposes of social communication—of rapid and civilizing commercial intercourse—of the progress of mind—of strengthening and expanding mutual respect and affection—it may almost be said to be annihilated.

[From the Cincinnati Daily Gazette, April 30.]

Obsequies of the Dead.—On Saturday afternoon, April 28, the mournful duty of committing to the grave nineteen of the sufferers in the destruction of the Moselle, was performed in this city, associated with a solemn funeral service, upon account of all the sufferers.

As the calamity was peculiar and transcendant in its horrors, so were the funeral obsequies solemn and imposing beyond any thing that has ever taken place in this city. At three o'clock, upon the first toll of the bell, every place of business was closed. It is believed there was no exception. Apparently the whole city was a moving mass to the foot of Broadway, where the procession was forming. This was accomplished according to previous regulations. The deceased, enclosed in proper coffins, were placed in the hearses of the city, which not being sufficient to convey them, the necessary number of carriages were added. When the procession was prepared to move, Broad-way to Fourth street, and the contiguous approaches of the intersecting streets, were literally choked with one crowded jam of human beings. Among all these no word was spoken, no look of levity was indulged. The universal feeling was too deep for any such sensation to be felt.

The progress of the procession, so vast in numbers, so solemn in manner, made every where on its line of movement the deepest impression. Sad and sorrowful faces, hundreds of them bedewed with tears, crowded to windows, doors, and all places of observation.

The interment took place in the public burial ground, and at this last act of respect and kindness that can be performed by the living for the dead, some most touching scenes occurred. Those to be deposited in their earthly rest were all strangers. Some of them were members of the same family, and in one or two instances surviving relations were present. One mother, a German, whose husband is among the lost, cast herself upon the coffin of her only two children, in agonies seldom witnessed. But we must omit a detail of those scenes.

The impressive funeral service of the Episcopal Church was read by the Rev. Mr Brooke, and a brief but most pertinent and affecting address made by the Rev. Mr Sehon, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Our narration here ends, and we presume not to break its effect with any reflection.

A host of the citizens of the towns of Newport and Covington, and of the surrounding country, joined in the procession. It is estimated that more than twenty thousand persons were present.

Great Fire in Charleston S. C.—A most destructive fire occured in Charleston, S. C. on the 27th. The alarm was given between 8 and 9 o'clock in the evening, and the fire raged till about noon on the 28th having burned unremittingly for fifteen hours.

But the most melancholy part of our duty remains to be performed—to wit: to record the death of valuable lives. Among those who perished from want of caution in blowing up houses, was Col. C. J. Steedman, long known in our community for his valuable qualities, Capt. Duff, of the ship Herald, Messrs. Frederick Schnieble, and J. S. Piert. Among those seriously injured by explosions were Messrs. J. D. Brown and M. Forley. Several blacks were killed.

It is a subject of lasting regret that buildings, both public and private, which were ornamental or useful to the city, should have been involved in this wide spread destruction. Among these, the new Hotel, erected at an immense expense, is to be enumerated, and what is a remarkable circumstance, is, that the new fire-proof stores lately built on Pearl street, were only slightly injured, while the buildings on every side of them were burnt.—The Roman Catholic Chapel and Hebrew Synagogue were neat buildings, and among the private structures consumed, which the enterprise of their proprietors had lately erected, the large and elegant fire-proof stores of Messrs. Moffett & Calder, corner of King and Hasel streets, and those recently built by Messrs. Miller, Ripley & Co. were most conspicuous. The Theatre narrowly escaped destruction, the cornices having taken fire.

The flames were visible at twenty miles from the city.

It is impossible to estimate the extent of the loss on any but imperfect data. We think, however, that it cannot be less than between *two and three millions of dollars*, and the number of buildings destroyed at *one thousand.*

The Boston Daily Advertiser of the 10th says—

We received yesterday morning the Charleston papers of Saturday last. Thursday was observed as a day of Fasting, Humiliation and Prayer. A very large meeting of citizens was held on Friday, to receive the report of a committee of thirty, previously appointed to consider the measures to be adopted to relieve the distress occasioned by the late conflagration. They reported a series of resolutions, one of which proposed an address to the Governor of the State, respectfully requesting him immediately to convene the Legislature, and to submit the case of the sufferers to their favorable consideration; they approve the resolution of the City Council for preventing the erection of wooden buildings; they recommend a more efficient organization of the fire department; they request the Mayor to write letters of grateful acknowledgment to the inhabitants of those cities and places from whom expressions of sympathy, and relief, have been and shall be received; and they order the publication of the address to the Governor, in which the magnitude of the calamity is fully set forth.

Donations from several places had been received, including a further remittance from Wilmington; $9,500 from the corporation and citizens of Columbia; $6,000 from Augusta; and $1,000 from a gentleman in Georgetown district.

Meetings to adopt measures for the relief of the Charleston sufferers, have been held in several of the Southern cities. In Philadelphia, Mr Nicholas Biddle presided at the meeting, and ward committees for making collections were appointed.

Astonishing Despatch in Travelling.—The arrival of the Neptune, from Charleston, in 61 hours, gives us an idea of the possible and actual rapidity of travelling in this country. She left Charleston after the arrival of the railroad cars from Augusta. Passengers may have started from Augusta on Saturday morning at 6 o'clock, and coming in the Neptune to this city, could arrive in Boston on Wednesday, having ten hours to spare in New York, making the whole distance from Augusta to Boston, (more than a thousand miles,) in about 89 hours running time, and 73 hours from Augusta to New York.—*N. Y. American.*

Boyer, President of Hayti.—The following is an extract of a letter from Port au Prince, dated Feb. 15

'The President Boyer is a very remarkable man; —he is short, scarcely more than five feet high, but well made; his complexion is dark, but his features European; his countenance is mild and benevolent, and his eye becomes full of fire when he is animated; his teeth are as white as pearls. At times his countenance is melancholy, as if he were reflecting on the civil and military troubles he has gone through; and when he speaks it is with great ease and simplicity. As an instance of his activity, it may be mentioned that at the period of the union of the two divisions of the Island, he traversed 130 leagues from Port au Prince to St Domingo, in seven days, with an army of 14,000 men, making them march from 16 to 18 leagues a day, and arriving before any preparations for defence could be made. His distinguished characteristics are good faith and clemency, and his never allowing any act of political vengeance to take place; he himself has set the example by pardoning the murderers of his brother, who were placed at his mercy by the fortune of war, and they are still living in the country. There a thousand instances of his good faith, which he carries to the utmost point of chivalry.'—*London Paper.*

France and Mexico.—France demand of Mexico an indemnity of $800, on account of Spoliations, and by the latest advices, it appears that a French fleet of one frigate and five brigs is off the coast of Mexico, to enforce the claim. The French Minister is on board the frigate. Vera Cruz is menaced with destruction by the French Admiral. The people are in consternation. An army of 2000 men, which was on the march to Texas, has been ordered back.

The French Blockade of the Mexican Ports.—We have but little information of the nature of the contest with the Mexican government, except that it arises out of a claim for idemnity to French subjects for losses sustained by them. It seems that the present French Ministry are detirmined upon settling up some of their long outstanding claims upon other nations. A treaty with Hayti was lately concluded under the guns of her squadron. In that settlement they obtained only a renewal of promises repeatedly made, with a longer postponement. This is all they can obtain from Mexico, for the plain reason that it is all the Mexican government have to give.—*Daily Advertiser.*

The Freich Navy.—The following is the French naval force in ships and men according to authentic returns:—

'The maritime population of France, on January 17th, amounted to 110,589 men. It is also estimated that there are 19,838 sailors and mariners, and 4 058 workmen out of service, and 7,998 sailors and mariners, and 588 workmen pensioned out at the invalid chest. Finally, there are 5,105 deserters, and 9,561 of whom no account can be given. The staff of the naval force is composed of 28 General officers 225 superior officers, and 1,250 subaltern officers and midshipmen. There were in active service at the same date 10 ships of the line, 12 frigates, 26 sloops, 63 brigs and schooners, 12 store ships, and 17 steam ships; besides 5 other ships in commission at the ports.

Late from England. London papers to April 9th have been received at New York. They furnish but little news of importance. Late accounts speak of an expected war between the Porte and the Pacha of Egypt.

The Piedmont Gazette states, upon the credit of a letter from Sira of the 17th March, that a report prevailed at that place of the death of Ibrahim Pacha. A letter from Trieste of the 17th, in the Augsburg Gazette, also states the same report, adding that apoplexy was the cause.

Sweden.—By advices received from Stockholm, of the 24th of Feb., the accounts are truly distressing of the state of privation to which the peasantry of Sweden are reduced from the scarcity of provisions. The crops have proved generally deficient.

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TO THE MEMBERS OF THE CONVENTION OF CONGREGATIONAL MINISTERS.

THE Committee of the Congregational Charitable Society to relieve the families of deceased clergymen, appointed to nominate its beneficiaries, request information from ministers and others, on this subject. The age, the amount of property and of income, the number of children dependent on the mother, their sex and age, the ability of the widow to help herself, and the help she receives from others, are subjects, on which the Committee require precise information. This information must be communicated to Professor Palfrey, of Cambridge, on, or before, Saturday 19 May next, or to

John Pierce, of Brookline,
Chairman of the Committee.

NOTICE.

The Sunday School Society in the County of Worcester, comprising the Ministers and S. S. Teachers within the limits of Worcester Association, will assemble at the Union Hotel, in Harvard, on Wednesday the 16th of May inst. at 11 o'clock A. M. The public exercise will commence in Rev. Mr Gilbert's Church, at 1 o'clock P. M.

May 5, 1838. P. Osgood, *Secretary*

MARRIAGES.

In this city, May 1st, by Rev. Dr Frothingham, Joseph W. McKean, M. D., to Miss Margaret, daughter of William Stevenson, Esq.

In Roxbury, 2d inst., Mr Samuel Bridge to Mrs Charity M. Davis, both of Dorchester.

In Dorchester, 2d inst., Asaph Churchill, Jr. counsellor at law, to Miss Mary Buckminster, daughter of Darius Brewer, Esq.

In South Boston, 6th inst., Mr Foster J. Beal to Miss Sarah Jane Day.

In Wilton, by Rev. Mr Whitman, Rev. Henry Emmons to Miss Elizabeth H. Whitman of Wilton.

In New York, 5th inst., Capt. J. J. Comstock, of Providence, commander of the steamer Massachusetts, to Mrs Maria S. Cook, of Fairhaven, Mass.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr Albert Gassett, son of Mr Henry Gassett, 20.

In Concord, Ms. on the 7th ult. Mrs Patty Hosmer, 67.

In Scituate, on Saturday last, of consumption, Mr James Otis Foster, 25.

At Fort Brook, Tampa, Fa. 5th ult. Lieut. James McClure, of the 1st Infantry United States Army.

At Matanzas, 13th ult. Asbury Ury, 1st regiment U. S. Dragoons, a native of Tennessee, and a graduate of West Point Military Academy.

In Newbury District, S. C. March 31st Dr Elijah Gates, a native of Mass. and a graduate of Harvard University.

In Cincinnati, Ohio, April 22d, of consumption, Mr John W. Wales, 28, and his only child, Henry H.

Drowned, in Mobile Bay, on the 19th ult. Capt. Christopher Howes, of Dennis, Mass., master of ship Propontis of Boston.

OFFICE of the American Unitarian Association No. 134 Washington, opposite School Street.
t f m 12

A. U. A.

THE Tracts of the American Unitarian Association furnished in sets or numbers, by JAMES MUNROE & CO. No. 134 Washington st. tf m 12

This day published, Dr Alcott's new work,
THE YOUNG HOUSE-KEEPER.

THE YOUNG HOUSE-KEEPER. Or, Thoughts on Food and Cookery. First stereotype edition. By Wm. A. Alcott, author of 'The Young Wife,' 'The Young Mother,' 'House I Live In,' and 'Young Man's Guide,' and editor of the 'Library of Health.'

The grand object of this work is, to promote physical and moral education. In this view it aims to render the maternal house-keeper, intelligent, rather than mechanical. It treats of most of the various kinds of food, both animal and vegetable, in common use, and of the most simple and rational modes of preparing them. And in presenting what are claimed to be *improved* views of modes of cookery, it gives reasons why they are so. It shows that a large amount of time now devoted to the preparation of food and drink, is worse than wasted, and that this time ought to be and must be redeemed, and applied by the house keeper herself to the physical, moral and social improvement of her family. It is believed that this Manual will save at least one hundred dollars a year to every large family, which may be devoted to other and nobler purposes than mere eating and drinking.

It includes the Dignity of House-keeping; First Principles of the House-keeper; Having a Plan; Keeping Accounts; Keeping a Journal: Nature, Character and Modes of preparing the principal kinds of food produced from Farinaceous Vegetables, as wheat, rye, Indian corn, peas, beans, rice, &c., on which subjects there are from ten to twenty chapters; from ten to twenty chapters on Fruits, &c., and the modes of preparing or using them as food; several chapters on milk, butter, cheese, eggs, flesh and fish; the customs and fashions of cookery as it has been and now is; estimates on the present waste in families; Cooking as it should be: how to begin the work of reform in cookery; a chapter of Recipes for preparing food, especially vegetables and fruit on rational and simple principles; with several other important subjects.

GEO. W. LIGHT, Publisher, 1 Cornhill, Boston.
3t m 12

NEW Works.—Uncle Horace,—by Mrs S. C. Hall, author of Buccaneer; Etiquette for the Ladies, or Hints on Female Beauty; State Prisoner, a Tale of the French Regency; Kate Leslie—by Thomas Haynes Bayley; Endless Fun, or Hood's Comic Annual; Cromwell, a Historical Novel—by the author of the Brothers.

Retrospect of Western Travel—by Miss Martineau.
American Flower Garden Companion—by Sayers.
Book of Fruits by Robert Manning.
Walsingham, the Gamester—by Captain Chamier.
The Bivouac—by the author of Stories of Waterloo.
Charcoal Sketches—by Joseph C. Neal.
A Man of Sorrows—by W. Jackson, S. B. G.
Roberts's Embassy to China, &c.
Humbugs in New York—by David M. Reese.
Wayland's Limitations of Human Responsibility.
Wood Leighton, or a Year in the Country—by Mary Howitt.
Leila, or The Siege of Grenada—by Bulwer.
Alice, Sequel to Ernest Maltravers—by Bulwer.
Ernest Maltravers—by Bulwer.
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Selections from Foreign Literature, vols 1 and 2—together with all the new and popular Miscellaneous Works. For sale by WEEKS, JORDAN & CO. 121 Washington st. m 12

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THE Christian Examiner and General Review published at No. 134 Washington Street, every two months, subscription four dollars per year.

Clergymen and others—who will forward us five new subscriptions, will be entitled to a copy gratis. Boston Bookstore, JAMES MUNROE & CO. m 12

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NEW BOOKS.

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Walsingham; 2 vols.
Times of George the 4th 2 vols.
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THE PHILADELPHIA PRACTICE OF MIDWIFERY—By Charles Meigs, M. D. with numerous engravings; this day received and for sale at m 12 TICKNOR'S.

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ALICE; or the Mysteries: a Sequel to 'Ernest Maltravers,' by the author of 'Pelham' &c. &c. Received and for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington street. m 12

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WHO has had the charge of the English Department of an Academy for more than a year, and has had considerable experience in common Schools, is desirous of obtaining a situation as Principal of an English High or Grammar School. Satisfactory testimonials and good references will be given. Inquire at the office of the Christian Register, Boston. m 24

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DUMMER ACADEMY.

NEWBURY, (Byfield Parish) Essex County.

THE SUMMER TERM, in this Academy, will begin on Thursday, May 17th, and will continue *fourteen weeks.* The Classical Department is under the care of Nehemiah Cleveland, Esq. The English Department is under the care of Mr Phineas Nichols. The Trustees of Dummer Academy can with confidence commend this Institution to parents who may wish to place their boys in the country, as combining in a high degree the advantages of ample and thorough instruction, and good discipline, with salubrity and pleasantness of situation, and a rare exemption from objects of temptation.

To those whose circumstances make important, the tuition fee is remitted.

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Applications for admission or further information, may be made to the Teachers at Byfield.

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April 15th, 1838.

WANTED immediately an active young man of good character and good address to obtain subscribers for a new periodical. To such a person a profitable Job will be given.

Written applications addressed to A. B. and left at the Christian Register Office (19 Water st.) will receive attention. 3t may 5

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Christian Researches in the Holy Land
The Ringleader
History of the Delaware and Iroquois Indians
Simple Scripture Biographies
Missionary Stories; or Sketches of Moravian Missions
Ann Connover
Sacred History of the Deluge
Persecuted Child
Sketches of a New England Village
The Hamlets, by a Lady
Parleys Little Reader
Godfrey Hall
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Wreath
Providential Care, a Tale founded on Fact
Worth a Million
The Savings Bank
Contrast
The Two Apprentices
Village School
Basket of Fowers
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Life of the Apostle Paul
Life of Elijah
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MANUALS FOR SABBATH SCHOOLS.

Allens Question's, part 1.
do do part 2.
do do part 3.
Muzzey's Sunday School Guide
Fox's Ministry of

POETRY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

IN MEMORY OF MY BROTHER.

My gentle infant brother died
When, young and glad, *I* knew not fear.
And bending o'er the cradle-side
I *wondered*, but I shed no tear.

Though chilling damps stood on his brow,
I did not mourn, or think him dead.
'Tis strange to see his face! but now
When will he play again?'—I said.

They bear him to the darksome grave.
How sadly slow the mourners move!
They place him where the willows wave,
I *wonder* still, and keep my love.

And, in my mind's still chamber, deep
His portrait ever since has hung.—
The image of a child asleep,—
Ready to wake with joyous tongue.

Whose pencil drew in tender hues
This living image in my heart?
My childish skill no means could use
To paint beyond all painter's art!

He painted it, who paints the cloud,—
He arched that brow, who arched the sky!
He, by this emblem, speaks aloud.—
Speaks He to mock my misery?

God hangs his rainbow o'er the wind,
The torrents bidden cease their flow.
Shall He hang rainbows in the mind
To *promise false* with empty show!

Oh, no! I find a pledge most sweet
In this mild portrait pure and calm,—
That time shall bear my soul to meet
My brother in my Fathers's arm!

C. A. B.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

TERMS OF SALVATION.

Paraphrase of Micah vi. 6. 8.

'My past misdeeds before me rise
Like mountains, tow'ring to the skies.
If God I've made my foe, by sin,
Oh, how shall I his favor win.

Shall I within a convent live?
Or to the Church, my riches give?
Will num'rous flocks and fields of grain,
His wrath appease, his smile obtain?

If I a willing mancan bring,
To bear the vengeance due my sin,
Will God the substitute receive,
Afflict his soul, and me reprieve?'

Hear, O vain man, and be at ease;
God wants no sacrifice like these;
The sacrifice that he requires,
Is heart-felt prayer, and pure desires.

Let justice guide, let mercy move,
And all your soul be fill'd with love;
With humble faith obey the Lord,
And thus ensure the great reward.

T. F.

From the Colonization Herald.

FILIAL DUTY.

'*Grieve not thy father, as long as he liveth.*'—Son of Sirach.

Thy Father! Why, with locks of snow
Are thus his sacred temples clad?
Why droops he o'er his staff so low
With trembling limbs and visage sad?
Care hath his brow with wrinkles scarr'd,
His clustering ringlets shred away,
And time with tyrant sceptre marr'd
The glory of his manhood's sway.

How oft that palsied hand hath led
Thine infant footsteps weak with fear,
How gently bow'd that reverend head
Thy childhood's broken tale to hear;
And when those wayward feet have stray'd
'Mid youthful follies rashly free,
Those lips invok'd at midnight's shade
The pardon of thy God for thee.

If from his speech should dotage flow,
Or eye, or ear, be dull and dead,
Thou, to his second childhood show
The love that smooth'd thy cradle bed.
Grieve not thy sire! for if his love
Unblest, or unrequited be,
He, whom thou call'st thy Sire above,
Will bend a judge's frown on thee.

L. H. S.

From the Library of Health.

MORNING ALL DAY.

BY DR W. A. ALCOTT.

I have been the companion, the victim of sorrow;
I have lain down at night without hope of the morrow;
No gleam in the future—not a single bright ray;
No quiet at night, and no morning all day.

Heart sick of the world, I have sometimes retreated
To forests and glens, and my sorrows repeated;
I have shrunk from the sound of my feet by the way;
No slumbers by night, and no morning by day.

I have wished—oh, how vain!—I had wings, and could fly
From earth and its turmoil, to rest in the sky,
Where glorified spirits, in brightest array,
Rejoice without ceasing, in morning all day.

But a change has come o'er me. I lift up my head;
The world is all joyous—my sorrows are fled;
No fears or forebodings beset my bright way;
I rise ere the lark, and it 's morning all day.

You ask for the cause. The reply is soon given;
I have learned how to prize the rich favors of heaven;
I breathe the pure air; think, labor and play;
I repose when it 's night, but have morning all day.

The world is now hopeful, I heed not its dangers;
My friends and companions no more seem like strangers;
The darkness and clouds have long since fled away;
I have peace all the night, and blithe morning all day.

My youth seems renewed:—my thought on swift pinions
Explore the condition of monarchs and minions;—
All scenes and all trials instruction convey;
I dream not by night—I have morning all day.

O ye who but sleep, while all nature rejoices,
Forsake new your slumbers, and join your glad voices
With that of the robin, that sings from the spray—
With that of the lark—and have morning all day.

And then, when the lessons of life are all o'er,
And they who now know us, shall know us no more,
When the last gleams of twilight have faded away,
We'll soar to a world, where it 's morning all day.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE REV. S. WOOD'S LETTERS FROM THE UNITED STATES.

On Board the Clyde, on the Ohio, July 15th, 1836.

I left Cincinnati on Monday last, by the steam-boat, which landed me at Louisville the next morning in time for breakfast at the Galt House, a new and excellent hotel, but on too large a scale. The town itself contains 24,000 inhabitants, and is beautifully situated on the south eastern bank of the Ohio, which there spreads out into a noble stream, a mile in breadth. The streets are wide and regular, with many new and good houses, indicating the growing wealth of the people. Those in the more open situations have small courts before them, in many of which I was struck with the large white, and sometimes pink, flowers of the *althea*, a shrub which flourishes there in great perfection. The kind attentions which I received, while at Louisville, from the Rev. J. F. Clarke and Dr J. C. Johnston, made me regret extremely that I could not afford to remain there longer than a day. I took my departure in the Clyde steam-boat, between three and four o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, but it was six before we had got through the Portland Canal, which has been cut in order to avoid the rapids immediately below Louisville. On quitting the canal, we found the river much narrower than it is at the town, and so it continued for about ninety miles; but it has grown wider, and has also improved in beauty, as we have advanced—now stretching away in a long reach of several miles in extent, then sweeping with a graceful curve round a low point of land, and apparently without any outlet, like an inland lake; and having its banks every where clothed with luxuriant wood, and crowned at intervals with log-huts and villages. I landed at several of the latter, and was pleased to witness their prosperity. At Paducah, for instance, at the mouth of the Tennesse river, four years ago there was only one dwelling, a log-hut, which is still standing, and which I saw, and now there are upwards of a thousand inhabitants, and the place boasts a court-house, as metropolis of the county, and a theatre which will hold 280 persons; but I am sorry to add, that there is no church. At Owensburgh, another of these villages, an old man told me that this neighborhood was much more healthy than it was five years ago, for that the green pools of standing water, which formerly caused disease, are dried up, and the ground where they were yields excellent crops. In corroboration of this statement, a fellow-passenger, a very intelligent man, informs me, that when, on the 8th of July, seven years ago, he set out from Louisville to come down the river, a friend remarked to him that he might as well 'speak for his coffin' as go down at that season, and there were only three passengers, including himself, on board: *now* we have about thirty, and no one apprehends any danger to his health, though later in the season intermittent fevers prevail. One thing has struck me very forcibly since I came into the region of the Ohio, and that the extreme purity of the atmosphere, as indicated by the heavens at night; for the stars do not appear, as with us, on a plain surface; they seem, on the contrary, to hang out in the sky at different distances.

I cannot say much in praise of the company which we have on board; out of twenty or thirty, there are only one or two with whom I care to have any conversation. One of the most interesting persons is a little runaway slave, about eleven years of age. He had escaped from his master, a medical man at St. Louis; but a reward of fifty dollars having been offered for his apprehension, he has been taken, and is on his way back to his former quarters. At first he was locked to a ring on the deck, and had only the run of his chain, which is some ten feet long; but when we were fairly on our voyage, he was allowed a little more liberty; and though the fetters have never been taken off his ancles, he can gather up his chain, and hop about with it pretty freely, which he never fails to do when any part of the forecastle is more the point of attraction than another. He is himself the great point of attraction, and has generally two or three idlers about him, studying his singular physiognomy or playing at some game with him. I asked him whether he did not expect a good beating when he saw his master again; but he did not seem to have any such apprehension; in short, he is a complete pickle, who is perfectly unconcerned about both the good and the ill which is to befal him, and who would have run away from the best master under the sun.

16th. At St. Genevieve, an old French town, which we passed about the middle of the day, the Mississippi assumes a much more interesting character than it had before borne, being varied with a succession of little islands, and its banks frequently rising into bold and wooded cliffs, or spreading out into a considerable extent of cleared and cultivated land. Indeed, I never enjoyed any thing more than I did this day's sail. I sat for hours on the fore-gallery of the vessel, drinking in the refreshing breeze, and looking out on the ever-varying surface of this mighty river, which seems as if it would bear down with its impetuous flood every object that impedes its course, and which throws both the Rhine and the Ohio itself, and every other that I have seen, into comparative insignificance.—In the course of this day's sail, there was pointed out to me, on the bank of the river, the habitation of *a squatter*: it was a log-hut, to all appearance about a month old, and close by was the tilted waggon which had brought this migratory man and his family to the spot where they had fixed themselves, and which is ready to convey them away whenever they shall be tired of the place, or shall be turned out by the proprietor. If it is government land on which they settle, they will put in a right of pre-emption, if they wish to stay; or, if turned out by a previous settler, they will generally obtain compensation for improvements. Another peculiarity which I observed on these waters, chiefly on the Ohio, is the *flat-boats*—a kind of floating warehouse, containing all manner of commodities, which is carried down the river by the current, stopping where there is any chance of making a sale; and when the whole cargo is disposed of, the vessel is broken up for fire-wood.

Springfield, Illinois, July 21st.

We reached St. Louis late on Saturday evening, and I remained there till Tuesday morning. It is an old French settlement, and was formerly of very limited extent, but during the last eight years it has increased with a rapidity almost incredible. It alrendy contains 8 or 10,000 inhabitants, and bids fair to be the most important town in the Western part of the United States. Commodious houses are springing up in every direction, so that you can hardly walk a hundred yards without being impeded by heaps of bricks and mortar and other building materials. The rise in the value of land for building is beyond all precedent: I heard of one lot, of no great extent, but in a good situation, being bought for 2000 dollars, and sold again in the course of a very few months for 5500. House-rent is extravagantly high: a wooden building was pointed out to me, divided into two houses of four rooms each; and each of these houses lets for 250 dollars a year (i. e. £53. 2*s.* 6*d.*,) though the whole building (exclusively of the land) cost not much more than 1000 dollars. The new streets, though rather too narrow in the lower part of the town, are well laid out and macadamized. There is a handsome court house and a splendid Catholic church, this being the residence of the Bishop of Missouri and Illinois. There is also a Presbyterian church, and one is building for the Episcopalians, and another for the Unitarians. The Society of the latter is small, having been but lately established, but it is increasing. A mile from the town are three Indian mounds of earth—so ancient that tradition preserves no account of them. One is in a wedge-like form; the other two are parallelograms, about 100 yards by 60, and 40 feet high. The most probable conjecture is, that they were erected in commemoration of some battle, and also as places of sepulture for the slain. Let me not omit to mention that Clarke, the celebrated traveller and companion of Lewis, resides in St. Louis. I called to pay my respects to him: he received me very politely, and showed me his Indian curiosities. He is now advanced in years and somewhat deaf, but must have been a fine man when in the prime of life.

In the course of my ride on Tuesday, I crossed, for the first time, one of the *prairies*, for which this country is so much celebrated, and yesterday I saw them in still greater perfection in the neighborhood of Jacksonville. They are among those objects, with which a man must be very fastidious indeed to be disappointed. Only fancy a wide wide-extended down or pasture, stretching away for miles upon miles, sometimes as far as the eye can reach, without any visible termination, or bounded by a beautiful belt of forest. The soil is a rich dark mould, and is covered with a luxuriant clothing of coarse but sweet grass and blooming wild flowers, on which herds of cattle are seen grazing. In some places the ground is broken with little clumps of natural wood. Here and there you see a log-house, and a few acres of most thriving Indian corn; quails abound at every step, and there is also a bird called the *prairie hen*, as large as our barn-door fowl; and the roads, though they must be bad enough in winter, are now so smooth, that you bowl along as if you were driving through an English park. In one respect I had mistaken the nature of these fruitful plains. I expected to find them rich alluvial bottoms; they are, on the contrary, almost universally (so far as I have seen) *table land*, somewhat elevated above the surrounding country, generally level, but occasionally *rolling*, or, as we should call it, undulating. With the exception of the valley of the Rhine, I know no country which bears such evident marks of teeming fertility as this does. No wonder that so many persons emigrate to these parts, where they can buy good land at a dollar and a quarter per acre, if in a state of nature, or from ten to thirty, if cultivated. Such is the fertility of a piece of land at Kaouchia, (which lies in what is called 'the *American bottom*,' opposite St. Louis,) that it has, I am informed, produced a crop of Indian corn for ninety-seven years successively, without being deteriorated.

Buffalo, August 1st, 1836.

Thank God! my dear friend, I am at length arrived here in safety, after such a series of hair-breadth escapes, and such annoyance and fatigue, as I sincerely hope I may never again have to encounter. I do feel it to be a subject of thankfulness that I have not had my neck or my limbs broken in travelling through the back woods, and that I am once more in a part of the country where things have a civilized look, and where it is not *an act of temerity* to go to bed. To give you some idea of what I have been doing since I last wrote to you, I will copy out what I have entered in my journal.

July 22d. In the course of the morning, we stopped at a post-office, the master of which combined with this the two other occupations of shopkeeper and doctor. The latter he appeared to regard as the most honorable of his three professions, for he had put up on a board beside his door, 'The residence of Doctor Moffatt.' He and his assistant turned out the contents of the mail-bag on the floor, and after looking them all through, found *four* letters or papers for the inhabitants of the town, i. e. *of the house*, for his was the only one in the place. A town had been *laid out*, but the Doctor told me that the people had *removed to Edinboro'*, four miles distant, and that *he* meant to follow them soon. I afterwards learnt that *no town had ever been built there*: the scheme was a complete failure. The place was, I believe, to have been called Benton, but is now designated as the Bethany Post-office.

We dined at the house of Benjamin Hunter, a man of about fifty years of age, with a wife and one son, a fine boy of fourteen. The history which he gave us of his settlement here was very interesting. Last autumn, great sickness prevailing in Shelbyville, where he lived, he very deliberately shut up his house, and came, with his family and goods, to establish himself on the edge of the grand prairie, though he was told that it would certainly be the death of him. He arrived on the 20th of September, and immediately set about building a house. He soon constructed a log-hut, consisting of a single room, in which he and his family lived through all the earlier part of the winter: and he told me that, including strangers who put up at his house, they had sometimes slept seventeen persons in that one room. On the 1st of January, he began to build another house in somewhat better style: he and his son were the only architects, and they put up the frame of it in one week. They cut the wood and squared and split it themselves, and it was so nicely done, that nothing but the father's positive assurance would have induced me to believe that no saw was used in its construction. I guessed rightly that he had been brought up to the trade of a carpenter; but this would have availed him little, had it not been accompanied by a resolute spirit of persevering industry. He has now thirty acres of land in cultivation, two log-houses, a stable, and a well forty feet in depth, which he has dug himself; and the houses would be well furnished, were it not (as his wife thought it necessary to explain to us) that they had given away half their tables and chairs to one of their daughters who had been lately married. Their other daughter was also married, and I must say, that if they at all resemble their parents, they must be the women of all others to make good wives in a country like this, or indeed in any country. Our dinner, let me record, consisted of beans and bacon, stewed fowl, broiled venison, grape pie, honey, buttermilk and coffee.—At six in the evening we stopped for the night at Shelbyville, a miserable place, where I occupied the only bed in a room, in which three of my fellow-passengers slept on mattresses on the floor; and *I* found so little comfort, that I at length made my retreat to a chair, on which I was enjoying some refreshing slumber, when I was roused, at four in the morning, to make ready for resuming my journey.

On arriving at the place where we were to sleep, I learnt that there was a camp-meeting of Methodists about a mile off. I set out, with two other passengers, to go and see it. Before we had proceeded far, the rain fell in torrents, and the flashes of lightning were most vivid; it was dark, and the way not very clear; but as we approached the ground we had a sure guide in the voice of the preacher, which was heard far beyond the limits of the camp. I am glad that I went, for it was a peculiar sight that was not to be missed; but it was a sad falling off, when compared with the exhilarating exhibitions of this kind of which I have read in books of travels. There were indeed booths erected, but, so far as I could see, (for the lights were few,) there could not be more than one or two hundred people present; and as for the preaching, it was common-place in matter and fanatical in manner. I was grieved to think that any persons could be found so deluded as to mistake all this for the venerable form of religion.

Sunday, the 24th. Breakfasted at a farm-house, kept by a very respectable man and his wife, with a fine family of eleven children. He had come, like many others, from Kentucky, and has 460 acres of land in cultivation. I asked one of the boys, a fine lad of thirteen, whether he had ever killed a rattlesnake, and never shall I forget the look of silent indignation which he assumed. This was the only answer that I could at first obtain: it expressed more forcibly than all the words in the vocabulary could have done, 'What a fool you must be, or what a coward you must think *me*, to ask such a question as that?' A fellow-passenger, who was standing by, and to whom I mentioned the boy's silence, suggested that, no doubt, the lad had killed *many*; and it was only on my asking distinctly whether this was the case, that I obtained a *yes*. In answer to my further inquiries, he said that he had never yet been bitten, and that he killed them with a stick. In short, I have heard so many persons speak of the facility with which these creatures are despatched, that my dread of them is not a little diminished.

Five or six miles west of the Wabash, an inscription on a tree indicated that we were quitting the State of Illinois, which has, I believe justly, been described as *the paradise of men and dogs, but a very purgatory to women and oxen*. The country through which we travelled in this morning's ride was more varied, and the timber finer, than any we had yet seen.

26th. Saw a small encampment of persons, whom my travelling companions supposed to be *Mormonites*, on their way to the great settlement of their body, which is in Jackson county, Missouri. This sect (which is more properly called *the Church of the Latter-day Saints*) originated, in the year 1830, with a man of the name of Joseph Smith, who pretended that he had found some golden or brass plates, like the leaves of a book, hid in a box in the earth, to which he was directed by an *angel*, in 1827; that the writing on them was in the 'Reformed Egyptian language;' and that he was *inspired* to interpret the writing or engraving, which he did by placing two smooth flat stones, which he found in the box, in a hat, and putting his face therein. This fanatic succeeded in attaching to himself many disciples. They are found in many of the States of the Union, some in the Canadas, and some in Nova Scotia; but they are the most numerous in Ohio and Missouri. The whole number in North America is supposed to be not less than 20,000, and it is stated that many of them are respectable and possess considerable wealth. They have built a splendid church at Kirtland, Ohio; but they have met with so much persecution, that they are now migrating to *the far West*, which they regard as the land of promise.

The forest through which we had now been travelling for several days contains the finest timber that I ever saw. The magnificent oaks and hickories shoot high into the air, and their noble trunks are in general unbroken by a single branch, till at length they spread out in a thick tuft at the top. A live oak, which I measured, I found to be 12 feet 6 inches in girth, a yard from the ground, and it had a fine straight trunk of 60 or 70 feet in height, without a single branch; and another tree, a black oak, which had been cut down and barked, measured at the bottom 5 feet 4 inches in diameter.

28th. We set out soon after two in the morning, and passed through Dayton and Springfield to Columbus, where we arrived at seven the next morning. All these are thriving towns: the last-named is the capital of the State of Ohio, and contains the State-house, an Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, and a Penitentiary for criminals. As we stayed two hours, I had time to go and see this last institution, which occupies a handsome stone building, and is conducted on the silent-labor system, nearly similar to that adopted at Auburn and Singsing, in the State of New York. The prisoners are strictly forbidden to speak or make signs to each other, though they sit very closely packed at the same table when taking their meals, march out in lock-step, and work in the same rooms. Next to solitary confinement, no punishment can be devised greater than this; and the system appears to be rigorously adhered to. A superintendent is present in every apartment to enforce the rules, and small holes are cut in the boarded partition at the end, through which the keeper can see the prisoners, without their being aware that his eye is upon them. They are occupied in various trades, such as sadlery, stone-masonry and carpentry, grinding and baking corn, &c.; and it is expected that, eventually, when the institution is in full operation, it will support itself. It is a singular fact, that of 302 convicts now in the prison, 301 are men, and *only one* a woman! This says much for the virtue of the softer sex; but the doctor, of whom I asked an explanation of the circumstance, observed, that that one woman made up for all the rest; she was so bad, that they could never get quit of her; if they discharged her, she was sure to come back upon their hands very shortly.

In the houses there is an advance upon the mere log-hut, but no attempt whatever at neatness or ornament in the approach to the front door—no well-gravelled walk, or nicely-mown grassplot—no blooming parterre of flowers, or graceful honeysuckle twining up the porch. In short, of all the miserable looking things in this world, the approach to an American cottage or country-house is the worst. I speak, of course, of that part of the United States which only I have yet seen, and I shall be told that it is a new country, and that essentials must be attended to first. The country certainly is new, but 'where there is a will there is a way;' and the wretched appearance which I have described, must be mainly attributed to the same want of taste, which makes the people such utter slovens in their dress and slouches in their habits.

Mammoth Bones.—In the excavation of the Brunswick and Alatamaha Canal, there has been discovered, about five miles from this place, a large deposit of bones of extraordinary size, and in remarkable state of preservation. Several vertebræ, of eight inches in transverse diameter, have been discovered. Teeth, of which the top is nine inches in the longer diameter and five inches in breadth, and about as large as a man's hat have also been excavated. These were evidently of a molar character. There have been found also, smaller teeth of more solid structure, with pointed crowns, and apparently belonging to some carniverous animal. Portions of large tusks have also been excavated, of the perfect structure of ivory. These last were much crumbled, but to judge by the size of the circles marked in the ivory, the original diameter of the tusks could not have been less than ten or twelve inches. It is probable that the principal deposite of bones has scarcely been reached as yet though several cart loads have been excavated, all that have yet been discovered were within six feet of the surface. They lie mostly embedded in a blue clay. Thus far they have not been uncovered with care, and no notes have been taken of the relative positions in which the different species of bones have been found. In future the excavation will proceed with the attention due to the discovery of such curiosities. We believe they are the first of the kind that have been found in Georgia. Specimens will be forwarded to scientific societies, and we wait the result of their examination with great interest.

In the salt marshes upon the shores of our bay are found at the depth of from six to fifteen feet, frequent roots and stumps of the cypress—a tree which grows only in fresh marshes. May it not be, that the Alatamaha once discharged its waters at this port, and that in the convulsions of nature which changed its bed—removing it twelve miles to the northward, these giant animals were destroyed and embedded together, having sought for security on what was then the highest point of land?—*Brunswick (Ga.) Adv.*

THE MUSICAL AND UNMUSICAL EAR;

OR, HOW TO ENJOY MUSIC.

A curious case, which recently occurred in Germany, has excited a considerable degree of interest among men of science who give attention to the theory of sounds. It may also tend to afford some explanation of that peculiar structure of the organ of hearing on which depends the capability of enjoying music. The facts of the case are as follows:—

Baron Groll, a wealthy landed proprietor of Nuremberg, was remarkable for his dislike of music. His antipathy to that delightful art was such as to render him a sort of phenomenon in harmonious Germany. This peculiarity in the taste of the Baron was the more singular, inasmuch as his lady was a most accomplished musician. The Baroness and her friends sought by every possible argument to overcome the Baron's inconceivable antipathy; but their efforts were useless, he continued deaf alike to their reasoning and to the charms of harmony.

The Baron and Baroness Groll lived in splendid affluence, and their house in Nuremberg was the frequent resort of a vast circle of elegant company. At the numerous parties which they were accustomed to give, the Baron did the honors with delightful amenity. His conversation was animated and witty, and he was always the gayest of the gay until the first note of music was heard. A feeling of uneasiness then took possession of him, a convulsive movemen was observable on his countenance, and he was often obliged to withdraw from the presence of the company to conceal feelings which he could not control.

This strange peculiarity proved a source of considerable annoyance to Baron Groll, and not a little puzzled the Doctors of Nuremberg. One of the medical professors of that city, Dr Schrœder, at length succeeded in ascertaining its cause. In the first place, he had observed that one of the Baron's ears was somewhat longer than the other. This circumstance suggested to the Doctor the possibility of both ears not being at the same diapason, and that thus he might be differently affected by the vibrations of sonorous bodies. There might consequently be transmitted to the brain merely confused, obscure sensation, similar to that which would be caused by two instruments playing on two different keys. Every melody, every harmony, produced on the Baron the same impression. All appeared a jumble of discord. Was it to be wondered at that he disliked music?

A very simple experiment served to confirm the accuracy of Dr Schrœder's observations and opinion. He requested the Baron to stop one of his ears, then going to the piano, he played in C major the graceful *allegro* from the overture to the *Frieschulz*. 'How do you like that?' said he; 'do you find it discordant?'—'Oh no,' replied the Baron, 'it is delightful; pray continue.'—'Now stop your other ear,' said the Dr., again playing the *allegro* from the *Frieschulz*, and still in C major.—'What do you think of that?'—'It is exquisite,' replied the Baron.—'Was it the same piece as that which I first played?'—'It appeared to me to be the same piece, only played on a different key. You are playing it higher now.' And the Baron began to hum the subject in D major.

Thus was solved the mystery of Baron Groll's profound dislike of music. How could he possibly derive pleasure from any performance, vocal or instrumental, which had, to him, the effect of being sung or played in two different keys simultaneously.

Fortunately Dr Schrœder's experiment, whilst it developed the cause of the phenomenon, at the same time pointed out the remedy for the evil. Baron Groll is now an enthusiastic lover of music. In order to enjoy it he has only to take the precaution of putting a little cotton into one of his ears.

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